The Relief Society Magazine

L. 36 NO. 2 Lessons for May FEBRUARY 1949

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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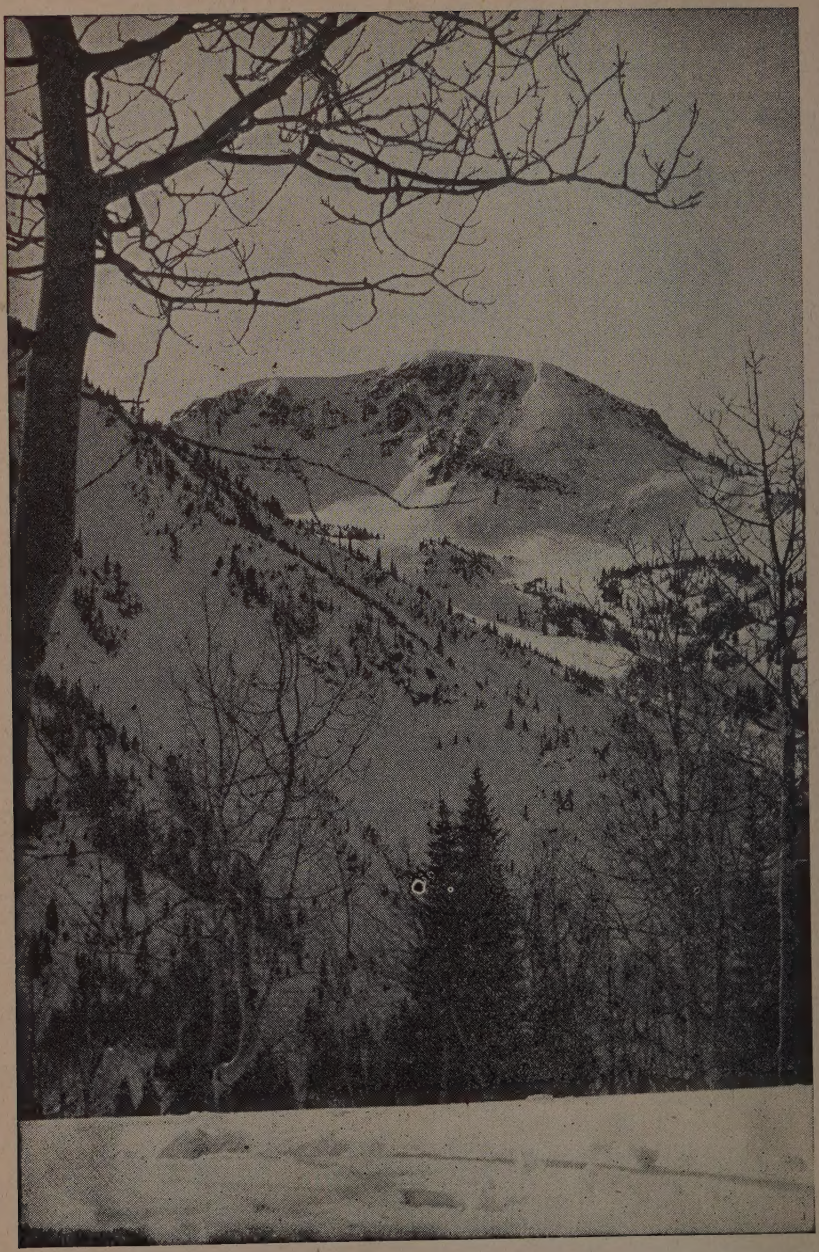
Unwritten Song

Anna Prince Redd

I have not written a hymn to the flag
Nor an essay on liberty,
But I've seen an eagle surmount a crag,
And waves, lashing in from the sea,
Drive at a granite ledge
And retreat in futility.
I've lain at rest
On a sunlit crest
And the stag companioned me.

I have not written a chorus
To the Lincolns of history,
But the freedoms ransomed for us
Are my integrity.
Their voices are heard in the mechanized din
And wherever the word of freedom has been:
The cadence of creature and crag is strong,
As sunlight, and heartthrob—
And unwritten song.

The Cover: The Grand Tetons, photograph by Hal Rumel.



Warren Lee

"TREE TRACERIES AT ALTA, UTAH"

A Memorial to the Relief Society Sisters

Bishop LeGrand Richards
Presiding Bishop of the Church

(Address delivered at the morning session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, Thursday, September 30, 1948).

I think you are wonderful. I believe the Lord thinks you are wonderful. I know what Sister Spafford and her counselors think of you because we have talked and visited together a good many times about what you have done.

When you launched your Building program a year ago, I did not have any misgivings. I knew you would do it. You are the only one hundred per centers we have in the Church, in fact, I think you might call yourselves the One Hundred Per Cent Club or organization, if you would like to, and it would always be that because, well, having been a bishop of three different wards and president of a stake, and now for ten years having served as adviser to the General Relief Society Presidency, I have paraphrased the old statement that if you want anything done give it to the busy man, and I say, "If you want anything done give it to the Relief Society." They never fail.

I do not know how many of you have heard Brother Thomas E. McKay's little story about when he was at a stake welfare meeting recently. They were just going to close the meeting when he said, "Oh, president, we have not heard from the Relief Society and we sure ought to have a word from them." And so the stake president called the president of the Relief Society of the stake and she stood up and said: "Brother McKay, the Relief Society is behind the Priesthood one hundred per cent," and the president of the stake stood up and said: "Yes, President McKay, and the Priesthood is behind the Relief Society one hundred years."

Now, if there ever comes a day when we can call the Priesthood of this Church the One Hundred Per Cent Club, it will be a great day for the Church I can assure you.

When this program was first launched I think the sisters had some little misgivings because there were rumblings went out over the Church and there were some who had adverse criticisms to offer. When the sisters told me just now that I would have more than three minutes, I picked up the Bible and thought of the little experience when Jesus went into the home of Simon the leper at Bethany, and you will remember the criticism there. There were some of the same kind of disciples in our midst in our day, who said: "Why do you not take that money and build an old folks' home? Or why do you not take it and give it to the poor instead of building a home like that for the Relief Society?

I think this is apropos enough that I would like to read from the

twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew the experience the Savior had along this same line with the disciples of his day.

Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, There came unto him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head as he sat at meat.

Sister Spafford just told you how some of this money was acquired to make these contributions to this great Relief Society fund, and I imagine that it probably cost this woman who had this alabaster box of special ointment a large sum, too, and who knows how much knitting she did in order to acquire it, but, nevertheless, we are told here that she poured it on the Savior's head as he sat at meat.

But when his disciples saw it, they had indignation, saying, To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor. When Jesus understood it, he said unto them, Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me. For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always. For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my burial. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her (Mt. 26:8-13).

YOU see it is over two thousand years but the story is still being told, but if the ointment had been sold to feed the poor, or care for the poor, there would have been no story to tell, but she poured it upon his head as he sat at meat, and I would like to say to you sisters who have made contributions to make this building possible, that wherever this gospel shall go, throughout all the world, and until the final winding up scene, this shall stand, the thing that you have done, as a memorial to you, and it shall never be forgotten.

Probably none of us can underestimate the value of the parable Jesus taught about the man who traveled in a far country, and left his talents with his servants. When he returned and held an accounting with them, the one who had received the five talents and had won another five, to him the Master said:

. . . Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

And if the Master were here today to speak, he would tell you that in this assignment that was made to you that you have been faithful. You have measured up a hundred per cent. We could not have asked more. Sister Sharp has told you of some of the incidental contributions, some of them of magnitude that have come, that are more than what has actually been asked for.

Now, I know that the sisters had some concern because one day they brought me a letter from one stake president who said they had decided they had to take care of their welfare building first and then they would think about the other later, and so I wrote that stake president, because the Relief Society Presidency were just a little concerned, and when we received a reply from the stake president saying: "Don't worry, our contribution will be there," we did not worry any more.

I happened to be in Idaho Falls attending a stake conference of the South Idaho Falls Stake, and I feel

that stake is entitled to credit here today, for those sisters had all of their contributions in and theirs was the first stake in the Church to go over the top, and we were so eager we even called Sister Spafford up from Idaho Falls to tell her, and you know, I could not see Sister Spafford, but I almost thought she had fainted because it took so long to get her answer back. It actually took her breath away, when she found that it could be done.

There is something about it that whenever one does it, then you know that all can if they will, and from that day on they just kept coming in, check after check, from stake after stake, until as you have had announced to you here today, not one stake is being omitted from the roll of a hundred per cent contribution to this great building.

Now, the Lord does a marvelous thing among his children. He provides the ways and the means and he gives us the ideas and the inspiration, but even the Lord has to have people, his children, to work out his designs here in the earth. To illustrate what I mean, you have all heard the story about the man who was driving up the highway and he drove past a beautiful farm. Everything just looked grand, and there was a lovely farmhouse. And the farmer was standing out in front, and his gardens were nice and his fence was all painted, and this man stopped and said to the farmer, "You and the Lord have surely made a fine looking farm out of this."

And the farmer spoke up and said: "Yes, but you ought to have seen it when the Lord had it alone."

THE point I want to make here is that Sister Spafford and her counselors could not have done it alone, the Lord could not have done it alone, unless he followed a miraculous manner, not his usual way of doing. He gave the ideas. He made it possible. And I tell you my confidence and faith is that if we could go all over this Church and know just how much the Lord did do in putting the inspiration into the hearts of the individual women and the local organizations to make it possible, we would know that the Lord has been in this program in a very substantial manner, but nevertheless, the Lord has to have someone to help it out, so you good Relief Society sisters and the Lord have done a magnificent work out of this assignment that was made to you.

Along that line, I want to read from the *Sunshine Magazine*, entitled "If My Hands Slacken:"

> The smallest roadside pool has its water from the skies and its gleam from the sun and can hold the stars in its bosom. Even so the humblest person can live splendidly and have a valued share in the economy of the universe. That is the royal truth that we need to believe, we who think we have no mission and no great sphere in which to move. The universe is not complete without our work well done.
>
> Let us not forget the lesson of Antonius Stradivarius whose violins, two hundred years old, are worth their weight in gold. Says Stradivarius, in Mary Ann Evans' immortal poem of that name: "If my hands slacken, I should rob God—since He is fullest good—leaving a blank instead of violins. He could not make Antonius Stradivarius violins without Antonius."

Now, I like that thinking. Even though the Lord provides all the facilities, he has to have someone through whom he can work. I do

not know whether or not you know how much a violin like this is worth, but about a year and a half ago, we had one here in Salt Lake. It was brought out of Poland during the war by a refugee, and when he crossed the border line to get past the Germans he had to play some ragtime or swing, or whatever you call it, so that he would mislead the guards and not attach any particular importance to the violin, but when the Germans found that it had been permitted to get out of Poland, they put to death the man who had had the custody and ownership of the violin.

I said to the man who played it: "That must be a very valuable instrument. What is it really worth?"

"Oh, I do not know," he said. "I am carrying fifty thousand dollars insurance on it."

Now, even the Lord could not make Antonius Stradivarius violins without Antonius, and you will have this monument standing to your credit, as the Savior said, that will be a memorial just as long as this Church shall stand.

Now, I think that it is proper that we should build well. Some of you think that it might be a little extravagant. Sister Evans read some of the statements of Ruskin on building. I would like to pick it up from there, and read another statement he made about building.

> When we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present peace alone, let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say, as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, see, this our fathers (our mothers) did for us.

And you remember the story they tell about when President Brigham Young made the contract for laying the foundation of this temple, which is sixteen feet wide. He came here one day and found the contractor throwing in chipped granite instead of those huge blocks, and he made him tear them all out and put in the blocks, with the statement: "We are building this temple to stand through the millennium."

WE were riding down First Avenue some few years ago with the First Presidency, and President Grant said: "Bishop, stop your car here a minute," and I did, and he said: "I never look at that temple from this point but what I think of the pioneers who undertook to build a building of that magnitude when they were a thousand miles away from transportation and had nothing but their hands to build with. What faith and courage." They were not building for today. They were building, as President Brigham Young said, that it might stand through the millennium.

And that is the type of building that the Relief Society has planned to build, one that will stand as long as this earth continues in its present form and for its present purposes until we will have a new heaven and a new earth, and with all my heart I congratulate them and you in this great achievement.

I have told this story about an English lord who came here some few years ago. He was shown through the Church Office Building by one of our good brethren, and you know the upper strata in

England have not heard such good reports of the Mormons. They have always been more or less critical. And when he looked around and saw those marble pillars and marble walls he said: "Well, well, this is a going concern."

Now, sisters, the Relief Society is a going concern. You have come through all the days of pioneering, all the dreams that the Prophet Joseph could have had for you when this organization was established, it seems to me, have been realized, and it is one of the great institutions, not only of the Church, but of the entire world. And I have said upon many occasions if we did not have anything in this Church but the Relief Society organization, we would have a great Church, and it would be much greater than some other churches in this world today.

In closing, I would like to leave the thought with you that not only should we build our buildings of granite and materials that will stand and weather every storm, stand as long as this earth shall endure in its present state, but we ought to continue to build into the hearts of those who labor in our organizations the kind of faith that the pioneers had, the faith that our early leaders had, where no sacrifice was too great, and I pray that the Lord will give you that inspiration, that it will continue to be with you. We have had the great privilege and honor for over ten years to sit as advisers with your presidency. We know their ambitions and their objectives. We know many of the things they are achieving, that you do not see out in your own wards and stakes, in their social work here, in the placement of little children into good Latter-day Saint homes, and we know that their service is so broad and extensive, surely God is pleased with the great organization founded under the divine inspiration and leadership of the Prophet of this dispensation, and may God grant that that same spirit and power and inspiration may penetrate into the remotest corners of the earth, wherever this organization touches, and may God bless these good sisters who preside over you, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Heart-deep in Winter

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

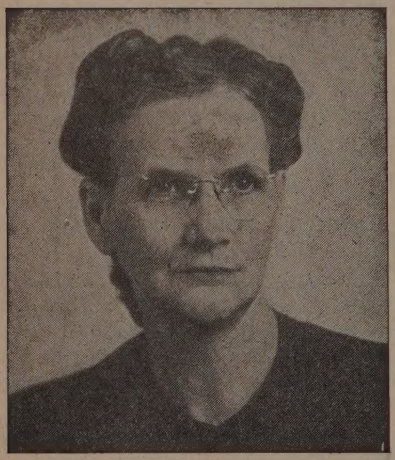
With you so lately gone it seemed untrue
That winter had relaxed and spring was near.
Half-heartedly the northern ranks withdrew
Relinquishing to spring the infant year;
And spring came blithely, undisturbed by death.
The soil had quickened; I could feel it stir,
Perfumed by hyacinths; the morning's breath
Was stroking cheek and throat like rabbit fur.
The autumn bulbs erupted wells of gold;
The lilacs leafed, for day was April warm;
But night kept lagging back with icy cold
And threatened lily fringe with frost and storm.
Heart-deep in winter, unprepared, alone,
The night and I and newly lettered stone!

Second Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

They Die in the Harness

Myrtle M. Dean



MYRTLE M. DEAN

THIS same thing had been happening several times the last few months, Doctor John waking in the middle of the night from fragmentary dreams, starting from his bed.

"It's the telephone, Mary," he said, waking his wife. "Hurry, Mary, see who it is while I get my bag. Someone needs me; someone is sick." He had risen to sitting position on the side of the bed, his feet resting on the rug beside it.

"Sh—shh—, John, you are dreaming again. Lie down and go to sleep. The phone isn't ringing." There was deep concern in Mary's voice.

"Oh, I thought—I thought the phone was ringing; someone wanting me." Dr. John rubbed his eyes and shook his head confusedly as he spoke.

"You've got to stop this waking with a start and climbing out of bed; you know it is bad for you, John." Mary took him by the shoulders and gently pushed him back on his pillow. "Now, go to sleep," she said, as though she were speaking to a child.

He lay quietly, but he did not sleep for a long time, and he knew Mary was awake, too, but she lay quite still, saying nothing. There was that same empty feeling sweeping through him, leaving him trembling and weak.

Doctor John Boyd, retired; retired at sixty, he thought. No telephones ringing for you tonight, nor tomorrow, nor anytime at all. Just lie back and take it easy. Let the phones ring for Matthews and Brown and Carson and all the others. You let them tell you you were too tired, too sick, he said derisively to himself.

He had known it would be difficult, but he wondered now why he had thought he could make his retirement a resigned sort of thing instead of this nagging discontent which followed him day and night; this sense of falling to pieces like rotten timber and being discarded.

It was Dr. Matthews whom his

nurse had called when he had collapsed suddenly down at the office last June, and they had sent for Mary.

"You've got to stop this," Matthews had said firmly. "This going day and night all during the war has been too much for you. The doctor shortage is over now, John; plenty of them back, now let them take over."

Dr. John still remembered how bone-weary he had felt, and with Mary there looking so frightened and Matthews shaking the finger of death grimly in his face, he had given in to them.

Matthews had said, "Let your son Philip take over; carry on the Boyd tradition. He has made quite a name for himself, I hear, and has done some fine work in army hospitals."

THE Boyds had been doctors for four generations. Dr. John remembered when he was just a little boy, how his grandfather, Alex Boyd's little black satchel had held such a fascination for him.

"Would you like to be a doctor, Johnnie?" his grandfather had asked.

"I'm going to be one, just like you, Grandpa," he had answered seriously.

Dr. Alex' little satchel had contained not much more than a bottle of chloroform, a pair of umbilical scissors and a bit of cord, and some pink pills in little bottles. Instead of a stethoscope, he tapped with his fingers and listened for sounds with his ear over the chest.

Dr. John's own father, Dr. David, was considered a great surgeon in his day. Then Dr. John had come along through horse and buggy days, riding over dusty, winding country roads, then up through the period of rapid advancement in medicine and surgery, and the use of the new miracle drugs. Day or night, Dr. John had always been on the job.

He had been very happy when Philip, his only son, had chosen to be a doctor, too.

"Guess it's in the blood, Dad," Philip had said. "That little black bag holds a magnetism we can't get away from."

"It is hard work, son," Dr. John had warned.

"I still want it," Philip had answered seriously.

Philip had seemed so young when he had graduated from medical school, and John and Mary had been so proud of him. He had just finished his internship when he went with the army, working in army hospitals in London and Paris.

The ultimate climax of Dr. John's life was to have been reached on Philip's homecoming, when they were to enter the new Boyd Hospital at Alton, with father and son working together in this impeccably equipped place. The hospital was the result of a shining dream, of ambitions and work winging to heights of splendor. Philip had written from overseas, giving minute details of the latest in instruments, the finest in equipment and structure that should go into it.

"It will be wonderful, Dad, the two of us working together," Philip had written enthusiastically.

Dr. John had hovered about like a mother hen over her brood of chicks, meticulously attending to its building.

He had explained to Dr. Matthews when he had told him to stop

work, "The new hospital, Matthews, that is for us, Philip and me, working together." There had been a note of pleading in his voice.

Matthew's next words had been a near command. "You can't go into that hospital, Boyd. If you do, it will be as a patient."

Dr. John had forbidden Mary to tell Philip why he was retiring. "I won't have my son probing me, examining me, putting me to bed," he had said vehemently.

"Just tell him you are retiring like anyone has a right to do at your age if one has the means to live adequately. Dozens of men here, no older than you, are retired and enjoying life." Mary had spoken so calmly casual that John had burst forth almost fiercely, "Doctors don't retire if they have any guts. They die in the harness."

Mary had checked him before he could continue. "Yes, they keep on until they die like your father. He died at sixty-three. He died in the harness. Your mother was a widow for twelve years. I don't want that, John." Mary's eyes had grown dark with fear, and she looked delicate and defenseless as she stood there.

Dr. John thought, she has stood by me through all my struggles, but she cannot quite understand that being a doctor is more than a job. It makes one part of life itself, living with people in their happiness and their sorrows, in life and in death. A baby born into the world, a life going out, this had all become a part of him.

PHILIP had come home and gone into the new hospital with young doctors Martin and Alder, to assist him. He had seemed puzzled and a little hurt at his father's sudden unexplained decision to retire.

Dr. John and Mary had gone away for two months for a rest, but he had grown restless and had returned, thinking perhaps it would seem better at home with people he knew and loved.

Now as he lay sleepless, deep in the night, memories rushing upon him, he thought, it gets harder as time goes on, not easier. Matthews has my office and equipment, while I stay twiddling my thumbs."

John had been firm on one point. He wouldn't give up his little black bag and its contents. "Just as well cut off my right arm," he had said. He had placed it on his closet shelf and sometimes when Mary wasn't around he would take it out and finger its contents lovingly.

After a restless night, Dr. John always looked tired and pale. Mary eyed him anxiously, but in silence.

"Guess I'll walk down town for a bit of exercise," he said as he finished his breakfast. He tried to sound cheerful.

"Better wear your overcoat. It's cold out this morning," Mary said.

"Yes, pretty nippy for the first of November," he answered, while he thought, June and now November. One marks off the days on the calendar, but nothing makes the days go faster. Only work and living can do that.

He met old friends on the street, heard bits of news. He stopped at a newsstand and bought a morning paper, then went into the hotel lobby that was nearby, to rest awhile and read. He chose a big chair off in one end of the long room. There

were two, well-dressed men who sat near his chair. Strangers, Dr. John said to himself. Getting so I don't know folks so well anymore. Lots of new people coming in since the big steel mill was built during the war.

Then a warm glow of satisfaction filled his heart as his eyes fell on a news note in the paper. "Miracle of Surgery Saves Life of Son of Wealthy Banker," was the caption. Then he read on:

Car accident causes serious brain concussion and critical internal injuries to young Tony Barton, son of Thomas Barton, prominent citizen and President of the First National Bank of Alton. Credit for the saving of the young man's life is given to the marvelous skill and swift precision of the operation performed by Dr. Philip Boyd at the Boyd Hospital. Young Barton is reported as being in good condition at Boyd Hospital today.

My happiness must come, now, through my son's success, Dr. John said to himself. Then he heard the two men near him talking.

"A town the size of Alton is lucky getting such a skilled doctor as young Boyd, and having such a fine hospital," one of them remarked. "Yes, his father, Dr. John, had the hospital built at Alton."

"They say the son isn't a bit like his father. Philip is a big doctor all right. He has a big hospital, wealthy patients, pretty nurses, everything he needs, but he hasn't the big heart like Dr. John."

"He's an only child, they tell me. Maybe that's it," the first speaker said with a sarcastic chuckle.

Dr. John's hands clenched tightly. His first impulse was to confront these strangers. Such talk would be damaging to Philip. Then, with perturbed thoughtfulness, he sank back heavily into his chair. I must face facts squarely. Philip is our only son. Have we done too much for him?

DR. John slipped, unobserved, through a side door and moved slowly toward home. As he went in he moved near the fire that burned on the grate, and rubbed his hands together to warm them. He tried to put a cheerful note in his voice as he told Mary little bits of news he had heard in the town, but he did not tell her what he had heard about Philip at the hotel. He did not want her to be hurt.

He handed her the paper, pointing to the article about Philip. "You'll be proud of your son," he said, smiling tenderly.

"I knew he would be a great doctor," she said, maternal pride shining in her eyes.

"I think I'll drive over to Alton, offer my congratulations to Philip and take a look at the hospital," he said then, quite unexpectedly. "I may not be back until late. See that Martha takes good care of you." Martha was their housekeeper who had been with them for fifteen years.

John knew that Mary would like to go along and see Philip. They usually went together, but he wanted to see Philip alone today.

"Tell Philip how proud I am of him, too," Mary said, "and give Janie my love. I had hoped Philip would marry before now. He needs a good wife."

"Every man needs a good wife. What would I have done without my good wife? It is you who have given me courage to do everything I have done, Mary."

"Every woman loves to hear her

husband say such things, John, even if they are a bit farfetched."

They had both secretly hoped Janie and Philip would marry, and had suspected that Janie had been in love with Philip ever since she was a girl sixteen. Her parents had both been killed in an accident when she was twelve, and Mary and John had been like a mother and father to her since then. She had become a nurse, and now worked with Philip in the Boyd Hospital.

Alton seemed wrapped in a quiescent hush. The great smokestacks of the smelter and mills looked cold and foreboding in the absence of the gray smoke that usually belched from their tops. Picket lines marched in front of the mill gates.

The Boyd Hospital stood like a clean white monument on the far side of the town, etched against a background of burnished, autumnal hills; a monument to the name of Boyd.

Philip would be busy most of the afternoon in the examining office. Dr. John decided to look about the hospital before he tried to see him.

The sun was shining, trying to temper the cold wind that swept up fallen leaves from the lawn and piled them in little heaps against the wide marble steps.

INSIDE the front hall, Dr. John took off his topcoat and hung it on the rack. He stood for a moment, almost breathless from the force of the cold wind. He saw that the outer waiting room was already full of people waiting their turn to be taken in. They were mostly well-dressed, the sort of folk one would expect to see in such a setting as this hospital made.

Incongruously, among the others, he noted a woman who looked to be a foreigner. She was poorly dressed. Her coat was shapeless and frayed. A boy of about ten leaned wearily against her gaunt side. His face was pale, but a vivid spot burned on either cheek. His breath came in uneven panting jerks. The mother's face was filled with anxiety.

That child needs immediate attention, Dr. John said to himself, and instinctively he thought of his black bag he had surreptitiously taken from his closet shelf and placed in his car while Mary had gone to bring his muffler.

Then he saw Elise Boulton emerging from the examining room. She was wrapped snugly in her sable furs. Her voice was lilting as she spoke to the nurse. "It will be wonderful to have a nice rest in such a nice room. Dr. Philip says I may have room 16, my same, darling, sunny room."

"Yes, you are lucky. The hospital is crowded full," Jane said, and then, "your turn next please," she said to another patient.

Still the sick child waited.

Dr. John felt in no mood to meet Elise. As she went out, he went through a side door and took an elevator to the top floor, thinking to himself, I guess Elise has had another disagreement with Jim Boulton, so is running away, pretending sick, to get his sympathy, and Philip is humoring her whims. Sure, she can pay for the best room in the hospital.

He went about the hospital reveling in its perfection. Finally, he glanced at his watch, and knew he must go down if he wanted to see Philip. Time had passed so quick-

ly in this Utopian world in which Philip worked.

There were only a few persons left in the waiting room. The woman and her child had gone in. Dr. John moved to a front window in an alcove of the room. Then, he stood in shocked silence, for he saw the woman and her boy coming out again from the examining room, and he heard Jane's voice saying, "I'm sorry, but Dr. Boyd says every room is taken, and your son will require hospitalization for some time." Then, making her own observation, she continued, "Your child is very ill. You should call your family doctor at once or go to some other hospital. Goodbye," she said kindly.

A woman who was still waiting her turn to go in, sensing the child's urgent need asked, "Didn't you have an appointment here? Your child needs attention immediately."

"No, I have none. I just come. My boy, he so very seck. I come here. Doctor Boyd so good a doctor. Everyone say that. The paper this morning, it say so too. So I just come. I be here in Alton not so long. I don't know doctors. The strikes, my husband, he have no work now. I come to this good hospital. My boy so seck, so seck." She went out murmuring brokenly.

FOR a brief moment, Dr. John stood unbelieving and bewildered, his fists clenched tightly. His first impulse was to go in to Philip, but he heard Philip saying to Jane, "I have an engagement now, so must leave. Call Morton down to finish here," and he left by a side door to take his car.

The woman and child were moving slowly down the front walk. Their battered old car stood by the curb. Without a formulated plan, Dr. John hurried to the door.

"Come on back," he called, his voice drifting out to them on the sharp, cold air.

The woman turned hesitantly, as though she would brook no further delay. The wind whipped her coat tantalizingly against her thin legs.

"Bring the child back. We will take care of him here," he said as he moved out toward her.

Her eyes turned up to his, at first questioning doubtfully, but she saw the kindness in his face, and turned back murmuring gratefully, "Oh, thank you. My boy, he so seck."

Dr. John called Jane and two other nurses to assist him. It was all over in a few hours. The child was resting in room sixteen, finest room in the hospital, the room Elise Boulton had expected to occupy at ten the next morning. Dr. John gave quick, concise orders to the head nurse on the floor. "Keep a special nurse on the case for a few days. Administer oxygen continually until further directed. Watch those drain tubes. There was a lot of pus in that right lung."

He turned, then, to the boy's mother. "You must go now. The child needs rest. You may come tomorrow and see him," he said kindly.

Tears of gratitude welled in her eyes as she started to go, then hesitating a moment, she asked anxiously, "He will get well?"

He nodded affirmatively, "Yes, he will be all right now."

"Oh, thank you, Doctor—Doctor—I don't know your name."

"I'm Dr. Boyd," he answered unrevealingly.

"Oh, I find wrong doctor then. That is it. I find wrong doctor first time." She went out, nodding her head and smiling.

Then he turned to Jane. "Don't forget to notify Elise Boulton that an emergency case came in, and has to occupy room sixteen. We'll need it for at least ten days." There was a cryptic satisfaction in his smile as he spoke. Then his face became somber as he studied Jane's face. "How are things with you, Janie?" he asked. "With you and Philip, I mean?"

For a moment her dark eyes grew serious, and wavered beneath his gaze as she answered a bit hesitantly. "Sometimes I think I am only a part of the impeccable equipment of this place, like the elevator, the X-ray machine, moving like an automaton through his days." Then a slow smile lighted her face and there was an eager, shining look in her eyes. "Then other times—" she said, leaving the sentence unfinished.

"Philip needs you, Janie," he said earnestly as he turned to leave.

"But, Dr. John, what about you, you here doing this?" she questioned, as she motioned toward the child's bed.

"That child would have died. You know that, Janie, but I came here because I had a feeling Philip needed me today, and I needed him, too."

Jane gave him an understanding smile, and pressed his hand gently as she said, "Philip needs you every day, Dr. John."

He turned and drew himself up a little straighter and taller as though a sudden resolve had been born within him. And he said, "I'll be back again tomorrow, Janie, and each day thereafter."

A satisfied smile curved his lips, and a peaceful light stole over his face.

Myrtle M. Dean, Provo, Utah, is the wife of Charles E. Dean. "We have five children," Mrs. Dean writes, "four daughters and one son. Our four oldest are married and we have nine grandchildren, one little girl and eight boys. Our children have all attended college, three of them having graduated from Brigham Young University, and our youngest daughter, Marie, is a junior at B.Y.U. this year.

"As to literary accomplishments, I am afraid I haven't many, but having received prizes in the Relief Society Short Story Contest the last two years gives me encouragement, and I hope I shall be able to spend more time in writing. I am a member of the writer's section of the Women's Council of Provo."

Mrs. Dean's story "Our Children's Children" received the third prize in last year's Relief Society Short Story Contest.

Variance

Susa Gould Walker

My friend heard the wind, rancorous, harsh,
Buffeting a tall spruce tree.
I saw a maestro, myriad-armed,
Conducting a symphony.

Relief Society Building News

THE names of the following stakes, wards, missions, and mission branches have not previously been published in *The Relief Society Magazine* as having completed their building fund quotas:

Moroni Stake - Woodruff Stake

French Mission - Argentine Mission

Adelaide Branch, Australian Mission
Bankstown Branch, Australian Mission
Brisbane Branch, Australian Mission
Chester Ward, Moroni Stake
Enmore Branch, Australian Mission
Fountain Green Ward, Moroni Stake
Glen Huon Branch, Australian Mission
Hobart Branch, Australian Mission
Hurtsville Branch, Australian Mission
Kemmerer Ward, Woodruff Stake
Melbourne Branch, Australian Mission
Nambour Branch, Australian Mission
Perth Branch, Australian Mission
Randolph Ward, Woodruff Stake
Toowomba Branch, Australian Mission
Woodruff Ward, Woodruff Stake

Remuneration

Alice Whitson Norton

I would not mind the loneliness,
Nor pain of broken wings,
That cause the utter weariness
Of ordinary things,
If I could only write one song,
As lovely as the glow
Of moonlight on a silent lake,
Hedged in with drifted snow.

The Symbol of a Dream

Verda Mae Fuller

Continuity Writer, KSL, Salt Lake City, Utah

(Prepared under the direction of Mary G. Judd, Member, Relief Society General Board)

[Continuity from a recording presented at the annual general Relief Society conference in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Thursday morning, September 30, 1948, at the special session in recognition of the Building Fund achievement. In making the record the parts of living characters were voiced by themselves.]

NARRATOR: The greatest art of all time will forever be of people, not of things. It was a teacher who phrased it thus, and a student who remembered those words . . . . "of people, not of things."

Yet we talk of a building. A building that is structure—stone on stone—wood on wood—marble on marble. It is, itself, a thing. *Until*, we talk of it not alone as a building, but as a dream. Then the building becomes a part of all the people who have dreamed and planned and worked for it.

* * * *

A part of Zina D. H. Young, who stood, as the third president of our organization, in a Relief Society conference in the Assembly Hall, over half a century ago . . . . (FADE)

ZINA: The Relief Society needs a house of its own. The women of the Church have done so much to help build other public buildings and temples that they have no means to build one for the Relief Society.

NARRATOR: It is a part of Sarah M. Kimball, who was the general secretary of the Relief Society and who spoke at that same conference, that day in 1896 . . . .

SARAH: I feel it's a humiliation to be without a place of our own. We've contributed to all public places. Now we want to have a house, and we want land to build it on and it should be in the shadow of the temple. It should be a place to receive strangers in when they come, a place where letters can be written from, and information given. The Prophet Joseph Smith gave the sisters in Nauvoo a lot belonging to the Church and a house on it which could be repaired and made useful. We need a house of our own here. Now I want to ask you sisters if you want such a building as I have described. (SOUND: VOICES IN APPROVAL.)

NARRATOR: They wanted it, of course. The voting was unanimous. But it takes more than votes to build a building. It took, among other things, the Sunday eggs.

LITTLE GIRL: Oh goody, Mamma! Forty-eight of 'em today.

MOTHER: That's just grand, Betsy. Put 'em in the case.

LITTLE GIRL: The Relief Society Case, Mamma?

MOTHER: Yes, Dear.

FATHER: Hmmm! Forty-eight! Looks to me like you've got those hens on your side, Emmy. I swear they never lay like that any other day of the week. (FADE)

NARRATOR: Yes, it took the Sunday eggs. And it took the wool from the wire fences and posts and bushes after the flocks had left the enclosure. (FADE)

MOTHER: There's some more down by that post, Betsy.

BETSY: Oh, Mamma! Haven't we got enough now?

MOTHER: Run down and get it. The exercise'll do you good.

BETSY: You mean it'll do the Relief Society good!

NARRATOR: Yes, it took the wool. And it took the wheat—wheat gleaned from the fields after the harvesters had gone—Relief Society wheat—a story in itself. To build that building took the co-operative help of the Mutual and Primary Associations. President Lorenzo Snow spoke of the joint project in the pages of the *Woman's Exponent* in July of 1901:

PRESIDENT SNOW: We commend the undertaking and have contributed a valuable building site opposite the temple, valued at $18,000. The women must have $20,000 before commencing the house.

NARRATOR: $20,000! That was a lot of money for those days. But Sister Zina was not discouraged. Before a year passed, though, both she and President Lorenzo Snow had been called to the other side. Joseph F. Smith was the next Church President; Bathsheba W. Smith the next Relief Society President. Under her leadership funds continued to be collected for the women's building. But in 1908, the plans were changed; and it was decided that they should include quarters for the Presiding Bishopric. Thus the dream of a woman's building, as such, had to be abandoned temporarily. We contributed $8,000 towards the construction of the Bishop's Building, as it came to be called, and moved into our offices there in December 1909. We've appreciated the offices, yes. But you know how you feel when you've been living with relatives and then get a chance to move into a home of your own. And sometimes, the relatives are a little anxious, too. Elder Marvin O. Ashton had a colorful way of expressing it, when in our Relief Society conference three years ago, he said in his own humorous way:

BISHOP ASHTON: If we are perfectly honest with you, and sometimes we are, we should say something like this to President Spafford, "Success to you in this building." And as the host said to his guests, "Here's your hat, but what's your hurry?" Our building over there is crowded. You need a new building and so do we need more elbow room. Success to you! I hope I have the privilege of contributing to it. And I'm sure I won't be denied.

NARRATOR: Today, we talk of our building as a dream about to be fulfilled. We talk of it as Sister Spafford did in October conference, three years ago:

SISTER SPAFFORD: We want our building to belong to the women of the Church, and to have every Relief Society woman feel the pride of ownership in it. We want it to do more than house the general offices. We want it to be of service to all of you. We expect to include in it a comfortable lounge, where you may come and rest, write a letter, or meet a friend; check-rooms where you may leave your bundles; a relic room where choice articles of historic value may be preserved and displayed; an auditorium; well-equipped work and exhibition kitchens where homemaking demonstrations and lectures may be given. And we would like at this time to know your attitude towards the proposed building program. Therefore, just as our sisters of long ago called for a vote on this identical proposition, so today, forty-nine years later, we too are calling for a vote of this great congregation. (SOUND: VOICES IN APPROVAL.)

NARRATOR: Again the voting was unanimous. Yes, we talk of a building. And talk of it was high that conference day in 1945. President George Albert Smith said:

PRESIDENT SMITH: It's appropriate that you women of the Church of Jesus Christ, the only Church that bears his name by divine authority, should have a home of your own into which you can invite the spirit of the Lord when you hold your meetings. I realize you have been disappointed in the past; you thought you had a house of your own once before, but it turned out to be the Presiding Bishop's office also. But now your prospect seems better, and as you think about it and plan for it, you will be very happy. I don't care how fine it is, it will not be better than you deserve. There isn't anything too good for you as long as you keep the commandments of the Lord. You may be sure that if you do your part, the Lord will do his.

NARRATOR: "If you do your part, the Lord will do his." It is good to know as we dream our building that our sisters of the past have done their part—just as you, in a large measure, have done yours. It is symbolic that the library of the building we dream will carry many precious documents and words—the words, for example, of Sister Lucy Mack Smith, the mother of the Prophet Joseph, who, in the second meeting the Relief Society organization ever held, said:

LUCY SMITH: This institution is a good one. We must cherish one another; watch over one another and gain instruction, that we may all sit down in heaven together.

NARRATOR: And we have cherished one another. As Sister Marianne Sharp put it:

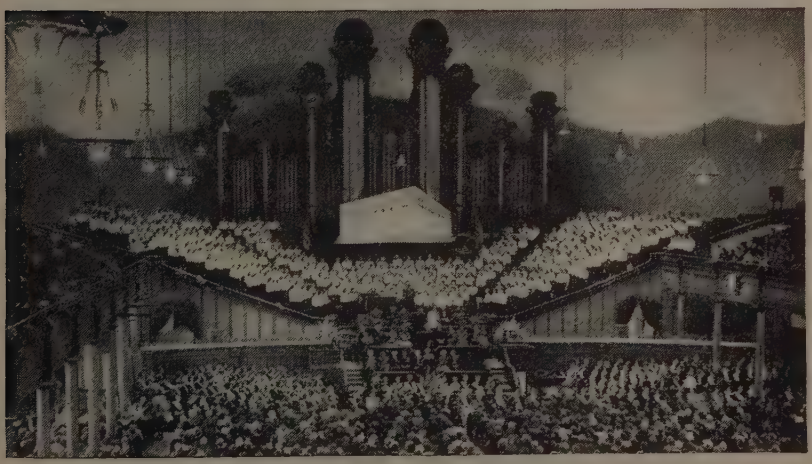
SISTER SHARP: Ever since Sister Lyman appointed Sister Spafford and me to help prepare the book, *A Centenary of Relief Society*, to commemorate the hundredth birthday of the society, I have felt very near to the Relief Society leaders of the past and the faithful members who are the mothers, the grandmothers, and even great-grandmothers of the members today. They have stepped out alive to me from the pages of the *Woman's Exponent*, and from the minutes of the general board. Their testimonies have increased my testimony. I have shared in their joys and sorrows.

NARRATOR: And when you look at the portraits of our Relief Society leaders of the past, you know what Sister Sharp means. You see a solidarity of purpose shining in their eyes. You sense their courage and their faith. And it is a thrill to know that in the building of which we

speak, they, too, will be personalities. We do not leave them behind; we take them with us; and we are greater because of them. They dreamed this building along with us, and it will be theirs, too—a building great because its purposes are great—because it will bear the name of a society whose purpose it is to serve the people, to comfort the sorrowful, to minister to the sick and the dying, to clothe the naked, and to soothe the distressed; to serve human need wherever it exists, as it will ever exist. And in this we can do no better than to beseech the Father that he give us charity and the pure love of Christ.

VOICE (Echoing . . . Resonant) Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock (Matt. 7:24-25).

NARRATOR: Our building has not yet been erected, but our prayer is that we, and the sisters who have gone before us, have succeeded in laying for it, the *foundation* our Lord would have us lay—a foundation of true charity unto his people. [Lighting of foundation of building.] Charity never faileth!



RECOGNITION MEETING
STAKES AND MISSIONS HONORED FOR BUILDING FUND ACHIEVEMENT
Salt Lake Tabernacle, September 30, 1948

Representatives of stakes and missions are seen standing below and to the sides of the pulpits, directly in front of the audience. The Singing Mothers are seated in the choir seats. The replica of the building may be seen in front of the organ pipes.

From the Shadow of a Dream to the Sunlight of Promise

Vesta P. Crawford

(Prepared under the direction of Priscilla L. Evans, Member, Relief Society General Board)

[Continuity read by Sister Evans at the annual general Relief Society conference in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Thursday morning, September 30, 1948, at the general session held in recognition of the Building Fund achievement.]

You, as the women of this day and year, come not as builders of that which is new, but you come as interpreters of a dream, as heirs of a high destiny. You are of the house and of the lineage of eternal builders. You add your illumination of ideals and the practical strength of your hands to build the sunlit walls of an edifice for women who love light and truth—women who have demonstrated the strength and beauty of their sisterhood.

You stand in the brief, bright moment of the present, looking with love and appreciation upon the brave builders of the past—looking with hope and steadfast vision to the future. You are that golden link in time, binding the historic days which have been to the widening years to come.

(Representatives of First Seventeen Stakes Stand as Names Are Called)

South Idaho Falls	Teton	Mesa	Seattle
Idaho Falls	Granite	Rexburg	South Los Angeles
San Diego	North Idaho Falls	Uvada	Juarez
Wells	Emigration	Utah	Florida
			Temple View

(The First Window Is Lighted as the Last Woman Stands. All Remain Standing.)

Inheritors of truth and faith
Who keep the precious dream
Shall build the house of beauty
And see the windows gleam.

The work of God's dominion
Is given to your hand,
And, from your home of service,
Shall reach to every land.

(First Group Sits Down. The Window Remains Lighted.)

(Representatives of Second Group Stand. As Last Woman Stands the Second Window Is Lighted. Women Remain Standing.)

Bear River	Smithfield	Oneida	Grant
Parowan	Sugar House	Tooele	East Provo
Cedar	Salt Lake	San Juan	American Falls
Liberty	San Luis	Sevier	Oquirrh
			East Rigby

The vision that your mothers knew
Is like a mantle spread,
And their prophetic blessings
Shine glorious on your head.

As daughters of the promise
Your stately house shall be
A lasting symbol of your dream—
The home of charity!

(Second Group Sits Down. Two Windows Remain Lighted.)

(Third Group Stands.)

San Bernardino	Oahu	Long Beach	West Utah
Maricopa	West Pocatello	Nampa	Inglewood
San Francisco	Taylor	Ben Lomond	Palo Alto
Weiser	Wayne	East Mill Creek	Lehi
			Ogden

(Third Window Lighted as Last Woman Stands.)

As Latter-day Saints we know that a spiritual creation precedes our coming to this earth, and in keeping with this lofty concept, the hopes and the dreams for our future accomplishments rise within our spirits before they find expression in temporal form upon the earth, and in turn our efforts as builders beautify and develop our personalities for an everlasting purpose.

There is no stone so strong
As the light in the builder's eyes
And far beyond the walls of earth
The towers of the spirit rise!

(Third Group Sits Down. Three Windows Remain Lighted.)

(Fourth Group Stands.)

San Fernando	North Rexburg	Grantsville	Davis
Hillside	Mount Ogden	Blackfoot	East Cache
South Ogden	Cassia	Bonneville	Highland
Timpanogos	Palmyra	Burley	Hyrum
			Morgan

(Fourth Window Lighted as Last Woman Stands.)

"This society shall rejoice." So spoke our Prophet and founder. We do rejoice. This is a day of heartfelt gratitude, for today many blessings have been made manifest; our hopes and our plans have matured and our dreams have come to pass. Today we have passed from the shadow of a dream to the sunlight of a promise.

(Fourth Group Sits Down. Four Windows Remain Lighted.)

(Fifth Group Stands.)

North Sevier	South Summit	Lyman	Chicago
Pasadena	West Jordan	Snowflake	Portneuf
Phoenix	Minidoka	South Carolina	Reno
Provo	Franklin	Big Cottonwood	Rigby
			Benson

(Fifth Window Is Lighted as Last Woman Stands.)

This building which we in our time shall erect shall be a monument not alone of steel and stone, but it shall stand as a watch in the night, as a symbol of the standard which we have lifted before the eyes of women everywhere, and as we use this building, always let us pray: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

(Fifth Group Sits Down. Five Windows Remain Lighted.)

(Sixth Group Stands.)

Lethbridge	Garfield	Montpelier	Panguitch
San Joaquin	Gridley	Mount Jordan	Saint Joseph
Bear Lake	Humboldt	New York	Young
Cottonwood	Kanab	North Carbon	Orem
			Star Valley

(Sixth Window Is Lighted as Last Woman Stands.)

In years to come it shall be said that many willing hands erected this building and many generous spirits contributed to its beauty . . . . that this monument was not built by the few, but by the many. Your daughters and their daughters shall say: "Our mothers builded well in the pattern and in the design of a people who look forward, and well they knew that 'too low they build who build beneath the stars.' "

(Sixth Group Sits Down. Six Windows Remain Lighted)

(Seventh Group Stands.)

Deseret	Mount Logan	Sharon	Pocatello
Bannock	North Box Elder	Southern Arizona	Lake View
Gunnison	North Sanpete	Pioneer	Saint Johns
Logan	Emery	East Jordan	South Sanpete
			Alpine

(Seventh Window Is Lighted as Last Woman Stands.)

More than a hundred years ago the Prophet received a command from God: ". . . Organize yourselves, prepare every needful thing and establish a house . . . . a house of faith . . . . a house of learning . . . . a house of order." After this pattern the sisters have labored, and in this design shall our house be built.

(Seventh Group Sits Down and Seven Windows Remain Lighted.)

(Eighth Group Stands.)

North Jordan	Union	Boise	Malad
Park	North Davis	Cache	Mount Graham
Ensign	Alberta	Idaho	Portland
Riverside	Beaver	Los Angeles	Shelley
			South Salt Lake

(Eighth Window Is Lighted as Last Woman Stands.)

When President Lorenzo Snow dedicated the Manti Temple, his words expressed the gratitude of a people who built with vision, with sacrifice, with magnificent purpose. He spoke of an edifice in all its parts . . . . "its terraces, its shrubbery, with all its adornments and approaches . . . . may they be the pathways of the just . . . ." He said, "May it stand and endure as a monument of the obedience and love of the people . . . . that the *recollection of their labors* may be a source of pleasure to them and their children after them."

These words of years ago re-echo to us now for, in very truth, the sisters do experience joy in "the recollection of their labors" in the erection of this their own home "built with vision, with sacrifice, with magnificent purpose."

(Eighth Group Sits Down and Eight Windows Remain Lighted.)

(Ninth Group Stands.)

South Sevier	Berkeley	Nebo	Kolob
Uintah	Saint George	Denver	Lost River
Yellowstone	Carbon	Duchesne	Moapa
Zion Park	Roosevelt	Juab	Moon Lake
			North Weber

(Ninth Window Is Lighted as the Last Woman Stands.)

Well we know that earthly structures may not forever outlast the vicissitudes of time, yet this we know, too, that the dreams, the hopes, and the labors of this sisterhood shall not have been in vain. The stature of each of you as individuals has been increased—the shadow of each has been lengthened. There is no power on the earth that can break the golden links of the united effort of this sisterhood which the Prophet Joseph blessed, giving to us a precious key—a key that will, for all time, open the door to our Relief Society home in the shadow of the temple.

(Ninth Group Sits Down and Nine Windows Remain Lighted.)

(Tenth Group Stands.)

Nevada	Summit	Sacramento	Oakland
Raft River	Wasatch	Twin Falls	Big Horn
South Box Elder	Washington	Farr West	Moroni
South Davis	Weber	Millard	Woodruff
	Blaine	Spokane	Santaquin-Tintic

(Tenth Window Is Lighted as the Last Woman Stands.)

In generations far removed from us, our descendants will reverence this building, for it will have earned respect and will have taken on a great dignity. They will see in it the same beauty and symmetry that we see; but they will see, too, that which you and I will never see—an indescribable something age alone can impart. Ruskin calls it a "glory" and he says: "The greatest glory of a building is not in its stones or in its gold. Its glory is in its age and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy . . . . which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity."

(Tenth Group Sits and Ten Windows Remain Lighted.)

(Representatives of the Missions Stand.)

Northern California	Finnish	South African	North Central States
Eastern States	Western States	Northwestern States	Australian
Samoan	East Central States	Central States	Uruguayan
Hawaiian	Central Pacific	Texas-Louisiana	Southern States
New Zealand	Northern States	Spanish-American	Central States
Palestine-Syrian	California	Canadian	Tahitian
Tongan	Swedish	Western Canadian	New England
	Navajo-Zuni	Mexican	French

Welcome to our sisters from the far-flung missions of the Church, from the distant parts of our own country, and from the remote places beyond the seas. In our ideals and in our purposes we are as one. We are as a unit in building a home from which service and inspiration shall extend to women in all parts of the earth. We are as one in seeking our Father's kingdom where the everlasting structures rise.

You of the missions stand at the threshold—you open the shining door of the gospel and bid all seekers after truth to enter the spacious rooms of our Father's many mansions. It is you who have brought love and greetings and your treasures from far places to build this house. Let the door be lighted and may your devotion be to all of us forever a sign upon its threshold.

(The Door Is Lighted.)

As a lasting door to service—
Now lighted by the many hands
Who carry far the gospel's gleam,
The shining portal stands!

(Mission Group Sits Down.)

To Zion's daughters long ago
A mission was foretold,
And we have brought our offerings here
As prophesied of old.

Eternal builders, now we come,
Rejoicing to this place;
From out the crested mountain lands
And isles beyond the sea,
In joy and gratitude we come,
In faith and charity.

For in this hallowed valley
Our stately house shall rise,
With strength and love uplifted
Beneath the desert skies.

The sun shall gild its shining walls
And beauty there abide;
In welcome to the sisterhood
Its doors shall open wide.

Then let us come rejoicing—
Our treasures now appear
In blessings gleaned and gathered
Throughout a glorious year!

(Counselor Sharp's Address. The Pinnacle Is Lighted As She Announces the Goal Reached.)

"Wearing a Face Into a Mother's"

Caroline Eyring Miner

TODAY as the college graduating class filed past the audience, a hand waved frantically in an attempt to attract one of the graduates. It was a mother's work-blunted hand, and as I looked at her more closely, her withered face beaming with pride and happiness, I suddenly knew what Gulbransen meant when he used in one of his books the striking phrase, "wearing a face into a mother's."

How does a mother's face get the mother-look of love and pride, and forgiveness, and faith, and trust that we all know? It is worn there day by day as a great painting is made, stroke by stroke. To a fresh, young creature whose face is classicly fair and lovely, a child is born, and with its birth there comes into the fair young face faint lines of a great unselfish love that has borne pain and sorrow for another. In the years that follow there come more children, more cares, more tears, more sacrifices, and the fair young face wears, line by line, and love-stroke by love-stroke, into the face of a mother.

Not all mother faces are weathered and prematurely discolored and wrinkled; those are not the really telling marks of a mother face, but are the signs of a life of struggle on the part of an individual whether she is a mother or not. The lines on a mother's face that make it distinctly a mother's face are those that gather about her mouth when she says, as she has said hundreds of times, "Child, you didn't mean it, and I love you more than life in spite of all."

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and 15, 1889

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

TRUTH

Thou brightest of all earthly gems,
How much I think of thee;
Whether in mansions of the great,
In wide domain and vast estate:
Or in the cottage of the poor,
In workman's shop or merchant's store:
Upon the land or on the sea,
There is nothing ever outshines thee.

—Charlotte Cruse Thorpe

FAIR AT ST. JOSEPH: There was a very fine display of useful and ornamental articles on exhibition; also quilts, tidies, home-made carpets and rugs, all being worthy of praise. A fine representation of statuary, including a large bust of President Brigham Young, which attracted much attention; also a display of seri-culture, millinery, etc. We had on exhibition the finest of corn raised from the second crop after barley was harvested in July; also turnips weighing seven pounds, both raised by Bishop John Taylor, of Pima, and sweet potatoes weighing eleven pounds, raised by Bro. Frank Owens. Although too late in the season for a display of fruit, there was quite a variety of a superior quality raised in the valley this year. We have seen peaches measuring from nine to eleven inches, and bunches of grapes weighing from four to five pounds.

—W. East, Prest., L. Gustafson, Sec.

A PRAYER

God of Thy children below,
Father, Redeemer and King,
Help us Thy hand e'er to know;

And in all of the perils of life
To cling to Thine Anchor of love,
To guide through the billows of strife.

—Hope

TOOELE STAKE: Minutes of the Relief Society which convened in the Tooele meeting house, Dec. 8th and 9th, 1888, Prest. Mary A. Hunter presiding. There were present from Salt Lake City, Sisters Zina D. H. Young and Bathsheba W. Smith. Sister Zina D. H. Young gave some very good and interesting instructions to all, and to mothers especially, and spoke by the Spirit of God. Said, "Mothers have a great work to do and a great mission to fill in raising up their children in a proper manner. Our children who are obedient to the Gospel are a great and shining light, and we should be very careful to set a good example before them, so that they may walk in our footsteps."—Ann Tate, Cor. Sec.

NOTES AND NEWS: Smith College, Mass., has received a gift of $5,000 toward a gymnasium. The donor was a woman.

The Queen of Sweden has given a large donation to the Dress Reform Society, to enable them to open a store in Stockholm.

The girl mail-carrier, of Oregon, whose home is near Eugene City, bears the euphonious name of Minnie Westman.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

EXCEPT for one Copenhagen publisher, Mrs. Alfred Knopf is the only woman in the world who is a major book publisher. She is vice-president to her husband in the Knopf firm, and personally handles the writings of such writers as William Shirer, Robert Nathan, and Elizabeth Bowen.

ELIZABETH June Barlow, who won the title "Miss Utah" last fall in the talent and beauty contest at the State Fair, is an active Latter-day Saint girl, a member of the Tabernacle Choir and a ward chorister. A lovely blonde, with a winning smile, Miss Barlow feels that the training received while fulfilling her Church assignments was an important factor in her winning the crown. Singing is the talent she demonstrated.

MISS GENEVIEVE RIVIER, of Lausanne, Switzerland, author and world traveler who is writing a book on America, called attention to a noteworthy situation, while visiting in Salt Lake City. A very high percentage of Swiss families shared what they had—and in many cases it was not a great deal—with one or more refugee children, sometimes over a long period, during the war. They harbored a great many French and Dutch children.

A student on the University of Utah campus is Miss Leela Ray of Calcutta, India. A young Hindu girl, with an artistic and radiant personality, Miss Ray was sent abroad by her government to master all possible phases of physical education. She has a diploma in physical education and two degrees, bachelor of arts and bachelor of teaching, from her own country. After attending the University of Toronto, in Canada, she came to the University of Utah, where she will receive a master's degree in physical education in March. After visiting other universities, she will go to the Scandinavian countries for special study. She has been invited to represent India at the International Congress on physical education for women in Copenhagen in July. Upon her return to India she will have charge of all the physical education for women in her native province of Bengal.

IN ancient India the seclusion of women was unknown. From four thousand years ago on, for centuries, Hindu women possessed property, took part in sacrifices and other religious duties, were present at important assemblies on state occasions, influenced politics, and often distinguished themselves in science and other learning of their day.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 36 FEBRUARY 1949 NO. 2

Remembrance for February

"The history of the world is but the biography of great men."—Carlyle

SINCE earliest times the world has been enriched by men and women who have lived their earthly days so well that their words and their deeds have been treasured down the years, illumined on the pages of time.

The month of February brings to us, among many others who have contributed much to the wisdom and the beauty of the world, the anniversaries of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln whose names are household words throughout the land and whose deeds are written for long remembrance.

In our uncertain days, with their problems and perplexities, it is strange to think that Washington, who lived his entire life on the eastern seaboard, yet realized the destiny of his country. He never saw the Mississippi River nor the skyward peaks of the Rocky Mountains. He could not have known the far expansion of his dream either in breadth of territory or in the development of political ideals. Yet he lived a life and left a philosohpy that have immeasurably guided the direction of the Republic.

"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest may repair," George Washington advised the Constitutional Convention in the year 1787. In his Farewell Address nearly ten years later, he said: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports."

It is a deep thought to try to evaluate even now the place which Lincoln achieved in the annals of our Nation and in the records of the world. He lived much of his adult life in the prairie country of the Middle West. During his time many pioneer trains, including the vanguard of the Latter-day Saints, began the lonely trek to the mysterious West. But Lincoln never saw the great deserts, the snow-clad Sierras, or the sea waves on the Pacific Coast. He could not have known the strength that would come to the Nation nor the problems of world leadership which would be thrust upon it, but he did know the good way of life; he understood lasting moral principles. Now his name is known to every school child in America and the echo of it has reached beyond our land. The words which the poet Edgar Lee Masters gave to Ann Rutledge might also apply to Lincoln:

Bloom forever, O Republic,
From the dust of my bosom . . . .

It has been said of Lincoln that he stood erect by bending over the fallen, that he rose by lifting others.

He was a plain man, with plain virtues—honesty, decision, tenacity, infinite sympathy. He died more tenderly lamented than any ruler in history, but the grief was not wholly for the way he died, but rather for the way he had lived, because of the courageous achievements of his fifty-six years of life.

Someone once said, at the end of a walk in spring, "I have grown taller from walking with the trees." So it may be reasoned that all Americans, and people of other lands as well, may grow taller by weaving into the intricate strands of their own lives the words and the wisdom and the high example of the lives of great men, until that time when universal peace shall 'lie like a shaft of light across the land."

—V. P. C.

Congratulations to President Amy Brown Lyman

On Her Birthday—February 7th

WITH thoughts of sincere appreciation, Relief Society women in all parts of the world extend to President Amy Brown Lyman congratulations on her birthday. A gifted and inspired leader, she has contributed of the richness of her personality and her varied experiences to the welfare of her Church and community. Her influence extends to many cultural and civic organizations and she is greatly loved for her kindness and her breadth of sympathy and understanding.

In her life Sister Lyman has demonstrated that much may be accomplished by faithfulness and earnest effort. We wish her many pleasant returns of the day and may our love and appreciation be a source of happiness to her.

Take What You Can

Christie Lund Coles

Take what you can of simple things—
Let each day's dreams be such
That though they sometimes skim the stars,
They wear the common touch.

Take what life gives of every day:
The loving glance, the friendly tone,
You'll wish someday you'd treasured these
And left the moon alone.

Women Against Polio

Elaine Whitelaw

Director of Women's Activities
National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis

LAST summer's widespread epidemics of infantile paralysis emphasized anew the importance of women in all aspects of polio work.

Women always have been leaders in the fight against this disease. Naturally this would be so, since the vast majority of those hit by polio are children, and nothing comes closer to a woman's heart than the well-being of her children —indeed, of all children. But their activities today go further than sympathy and interest. Women are serving in the ranks of those caring for patients, seeking a preventive or cure, organizing communities to meet the needs of epidemic emergencies, and disseminating factual information about infantile paralysis to prevent fear itself from becoming epidemic.

Nothing stood out more clearly during 1948, when at least 30,000 new cases of polio were reported for the United States, than the growing influence of women in this work. . . .

Every successful volunteer movement owes a substantial part of its development to the tireless energy and enthusiasm of its unpaid women workers. And 1948 proved this to a high degree. More than 12,000 Polio Emergency Volunteers had been trained by them to assist professionals in the bedside care of polio patients in hospitals and homes . . . . Many went into polio wards in California, Nebraska, and Texas to help. At Camp Sutton, Monroe, N. C., fifty PEVs did all of the non-professional work, so that physical therapists there could devote all their time to muscle training and testing.

One of the most serious problems after an epidemic is the follow-up care of patients. Women will play a large part in solving this in North Carolina, for they have arranged to transport patients to hospital outpatient departments and travelling orthopedic clinics run by the State's Crippled Children's Service for regular check-ups and treatments. Many of the country's "forgotten" polio cases of years past already have been given new chances for useful lives—through the efforts of women volunteers who have systematically sought them out for check-ups.

CREDIT for increased knowledge of facts about polio and a consequent decrease in panic, so noticeable in 1948, can be placed largely at the door of women's clubs and organizations which have made the public education program of the National Foundation part of the fabric of their health and welfare activities.

Women have been outstanding, too, in the National Foundation's research and professional education programs. When Dr. Isabel M. Morgan of Johns Hopkins University reported last July at the First International Poliomyelitis Conference in New York on the successful immunization of monkeys

against polio, she brought pride to women everywhere. Mrs. Morgan's work, with that of her colleagues, Drs. Howe and Bodian, has shed light on the role of antibodies in protection against the polio virus. While no preventive vaccine can be produced for trials in human beings until all types of polio viruses have been found, classified, and characterized—a project scheduled for the next year's work by several National Foundation supported laboratories—it is believed the Johns Hopkins experiments have provided necessary tools for an ultimate answer to protection of man from attacks of this disease. . . .

Of the dozen fields in which fellowships and scholarships have been awarded with March of Dimes funds, *two-thirds* have included women workers . . . .

The fight against infantile paralysis is a joint activity of both women and men . . . . We face three factors that make the 1949 March of Dimes a crucial undertaking:

1. There are more polio patients than ever before. Some of the increase in recent years' totals of reported cases may be due to greater knowledge of polio, prompter hospitalization and better care reporting. Whatever the reason, the rise in actual cases requiring assistance is real.
2. The cost of polio care has risen. Additional professional experts are required for modern care. Medical teams are developing, including, besides the physician and the nurse, the pediatrician, orthopedist, physical therapist, medical social worker, and phychological consultant. More complete service to patients is possible.
3. The dollar does not go as far as it used to. Hospital costs have risen 10 to 12% since 1947, while the 1948 March of Dimes drive raised less than 4% more than in 1947. March of Dimes money cannot buy as much service, food, supplies, and equipment as in the past.

To do the best job of taking care of polio patients, without slowing the now promising search for a solution to the disease or interfering with the training of urgently-needed hospital specialists and research workers, men and women—together—must make the 1949 March of Dimes the most successful in twelve years. The conquest of polio, lying somewhere in the years ahead, can only be achieved by such determined and energetic partnership.

Winter Pear

Dorothy J. Roberts

What loveliness was felled with this brave tree
To leave returning robins fugitive;
What grace crashed earthward, what lost melody
From branches where a meadow lark would sieve
Through a silver throat, the fountain of his song.
Upon these boughs each season's beauty lay,
In slumber pale, but straight of trunk and strong;
Ephemeral in spring's samite array,
Here summer lacked no leaf to cool her shade,
And autumn burned a riotous color chart.
When, after its bright zenith, leaves were grayed,
Still amber and vermilion lit the heart,
Seeing the winter fruit no limb had lost,
Awaiting final favor from the frost.

Joanna

Margery S. Stewart

Chapter 2

Synopsis: Joanna, who had married David Niels against the wishes of her family, is left a widow with four children to care for and support. Courageously, she takes inventory of her resources—a home, poorly furnished and not paid for, and $1.19 in cash.

SOMEONE knocked at the front door. The children, like a covey of quail, went with her to answer it. It was the neighbor who had built the fire for his children. He was carrying a stuffed flour sack, which he swung down from his shoulders. "It's navy beans. Got a cousin who brought me down a couple of sacks of 'em. He grows 'em. Thought you could use 'em, maybe."

Joanna smiled at his flushed, young face. "Thank you. I surely could."

He went ahead of her to the kitchen. "Tell me where to put 'em. Don't want to mess your clean house. Behind the stove do?"

Joanna nodded. She moved a chair to make room.

He cleared his throat. He was young and ruggedly built. Color ran up into his neck. "Anything I can do, Mis' Niels?"

Joanna shook her head. "You're right kind to ask, though."

When he had gone the children climbed back in their places and resumed their meal. Penny stared at the sack. "I guess we'll get a thousand suppers out of it."

David rubbed his stomach. "Boston-baked, with molasses . . . That's what Daddy liked."

Penny buttered her bread. "Daddy said nobody could make Boston-baked like Mommy. Daddy said she was the best cook in the world."

Joanna, standing by the stove, lifted her head. There was a sudden burning in her breast, a roaring in her ears, a breathless reaching for a spar. "Say that again, Penny . . . What your Daddy said . . . about my cooking."

Penny nodded her head vigorously. "He wasn't just kidding either. Every time you make Boston-baked the whole neighborhood walks by just to smell the delicious smell. Mrs. Smith says so. She told me."

Hope leaped like flame in Joanna. She opened the lid of the range and poured more coal into it. She opened the oven door and let the delicious heat surge into the kitchen. Michael's head was nodding. She went to her bedroom and brought out the rocker, sat in it, and held Michael against her. This was the hour David had loved. He had held them cradled in his laughter and his love. She searched her mind, but no story was hidden there. She reached out her arm and Sally cuddled against her. Joanna asked haltingly, "Would you . . . like to hear about when I was a little girl?"

They shouted their delight. She told the stories carefully, knowing she had no magic of words to make the brooks and the orchards real, to

make her small adventures exciting. But they listened intently, and suddenly she realized that they were hanging on every word she said because, to them, she was their sole security. They clung to that knowledge with all their childish might. She looked around at them. She said, "There isn't any call for us to be afraid. We've got someone looking after us. Looking after us good. We'll say our prayers and we'll make out famous. Someday—someday, we'll have a piano, even."

"A piano!" They stared at her with round, awed eyes. "A real one?"

She nodded. "For Penny to play for us."

PENNY'S frail fingers danced on the table edge. "Like this, Mother. Watch. I'll play like this."

They went to bed, ecstatically happy, talking back and forth about the day when a piano would be enthroned in the front room.

Joanna washed the dishes, rinsed the towels, and hung them by the stove. She opened the sack and poured beans into a pan. Her fingers were shaking. It seemed suddenly a preposterous idea. Shyness was an enemy that marched into her body, scattering the courage of her heart, the half-formed plans in her mind. She fought the enemy with all her strength. She sorted the beans into the large canning kettle, poured water over them. She looked in the icebox and cupboards. Salt pork? She had enough. Molasses? A gallon of it, brown sugar, and mustard . . . *everything*.

She took the alarm clock from the top of the stove, set it for four o'clock and carried it to her bedroom. She looked at the bed and grief rocked her. She went to the children's room and lifted the sleeping Michael from his place beside David. She carried him to her bed, undressed, and slipped in beside him. He was warm and soft and heavy, his hand sweet as warm silk under her lips. Her tears fell on his face and he stirred and turned to her, cuddling his head under her chin. After awhile she slept.

The shrill of the alarm clock dragged her from sleep. She rose and dressed, covered Michael more closely, and went out to the kitchen. It was cold. She hugged David's gray sweater around her shoulders while she made the fire. She held her hands over the cold stove. The wood crackled and the smell of its burning made a fragrance in the room. She closed the doors to the bedroom and the front room. There were pale stars in the black sky when she went out for another scuttle of coal. She put the beans on top of the range to cook until the skins should split while she looked for cans that would do for Boston brown bread.

At six she opened the oven door and struggled to force the giant kettle of beans and brown sugar, salt pork and molasses, onions starred with whole cloves, into the oven. She made it with an effort, but burned her arm.

"Land sakes o' Goshen!" declared a voice behind her. "Joanna Niels! Whatever are you doing?"

Joanna turned guiltily. "Why, hello, Mis' Smith. I was . . . was . . . just trying out an idea of mine."

ABIGAIL Smith was short and feather-pillow round. She had beautiful white hair that gave her an air of aristocracy, bringing to Joanna's mind the remembrance of powdered wigs and curtsies and billowing skirts. Her eyes were a bright sparkling brown, her skin was lined, but Joanna loved to look at her, finding her beautiful.

Abigail Smith was puffing. "I came through the back way, leaning under that fence always gets me. But I couldn't hold back any longer. I been watching you since crack o' dawn." She eyed the oven door. "What were you puttin' in that oven?"

"Beans," Joanna said, laughter a pale ghost in her voice, as she watched her visitor's astonished eyes go from covered dish to cake pan, to half-eaten pie. "It's not for us. Folks brought us enough to last the week."

Abigail Smith unwrapped her hands from her apron and came to stand before the range. "Then who for? What you making a batch o' beans that size for?"

Joanna measured oatmeal into the boiling water. She avoided her neighbor's eye. "I had a thought . . . maybe I could sell them. Folks say they never tasted Boston-baked like mine."

"You're the best cook in this ward!" Abigail averred, "Everybody's crazy about your cooking."

"It's all I know," Joanna said. "It . . . it just has to work."

Abigail opened the oven door and sniffed appreciatively. "Well, maybe you *can* do it. How do you plan to go about it?"

Joanna, setting the table, stumbled out her ideas.

Abigail shook her head. "Maybe you can do it. But, this depression, nobody's making out. Maybe you should better have saved your beans."

"I've got to try it," Joanna cried. "I just can't sit and do nothing."

"You can go on relief, like the rest of us."

"No." Joanna's mouth set stubbornly. "No."

Abigail rolled her hands in her apron. "Well, maybe if I had children, I'd feel like you do. Children make a difference." After a moment's silence, she added. "I'm right proud of you. Leastways you'll go down fighting."

Joanna smiled crookedly, "But you think I'll go down."

Abigail turned to the door. "Listen, I have to go now. Henry will be getting up in a minute, but there's no call for you to drag things around in little David's wagon. I'll drive you around in that old Model T of ours. You'll be able to carry more."

Joanna's face flushed in gratitude. "That's nice, right nice of you."

Her hand on the door, Abigail paused. "Why don't you make up a batch of your good bread? I'll bake it in my oven. It's got heat in it going to waste. People ought to like that bread of yours."

Joanna stirred the oatmeal impatiently. "I'll do that."

"You just come any time . . . If I get done with my work I'll come over and help. What do you plan to carry the beans in?"

Joanna looked wildly about the kitchen. "I never thought of that."

Abigail's smile was smug. "I thought of something myself, just standing here, I thought, now why

can't she carry them in fruit jars? I have 'em and to spare."

Joanna sagged in relief. "You're wonderful."

"Smarter than a lot of folks give me credit for . . ." The kitchen door slammed on Abigail's complacent back.

THERE was a sudden stirring from the bedroom and the children stumbled out, carrying their clothes. They hunched around the warmth of the range. Their faces were bleak.

Joanna's heart cried out, seeing them, remembering how David had made the mornings joyous. How he had tumbled them out of bed and brought them in triumph to the kitchen, as though his waking them up was something of a miracle. How he had teased Penny until she had eaten the hated hot cereal, not realizing that she did.

Now they whimpered like wet kittens.

"And guess what we're having for breakfast today?" Joanna pushed the cereal haughtily to the back of the stove.

"What?" They looked at her through tear-filled eyes.

"Hot cakes!" She trumpeted the word, forcing triumph into it. "Hotcakes and syrup!"

Michael took up her cry. He jumped up and down. "Hottakes! Hottakes!"

Penny laughed to hear him and presently David laughed, too.

Joanna made the bread dough while they ate, and put it in a warm place to rise. She sent David and Penny to school, standing with Michael and Sally on the front porch to wave them goodbye. Then she sent the two smallest to play in the tiny, fenced back yard and went back to the kitchen.

Abigail came at eleven with a basket of bottles. She helped Joanna sterilize them. She peered over her shoulder when Joanna took out the giant pan of beans. "I declare! Did you ever smell anything so delicious! Um-m-m!"

Joanna found the tin cup and poured the steaming brown beans into the bottles. She stacked them in a row on the table and stepped back to look at them. She frowned. "But they're so . . . . drab. They ought to look gay and—special."

Abigail nodded. "That's what labels do to things."

Joanna went to her bedroom and came back with a spool of yellow ribbon. "Bought it for Penny's hair . . . always liked a bit of yellow against that dark brown. She took the scissors from their nail above the sink and cut the ribbon in lengths. She tied a bow around the neck of a bottle.

"Right cute," Abigail said. "It does give them a lift."

"Wait a minute." Joanna ran outdoors to the maple tree by the fence and gathered a handful of flaming leaves. She took them to the sink, washed them, dried them on a dish towel and slipped the stems through the bows. The effect brought delighted smiles to Abigail.

"Now! Will you look at that! Smart! They look smart as paint."

Joanna was silent, putting the bottles in a laundry basket, a baby blanket between layers. Abigail went for the car and drove back, the motor chugging and protesting.

"I put the bread in the back," she shouted. "I put it in wax paper for you."

JOANNA ran to the bedroom, flung off the faded pink gingham and reached for the navy blue. She pulled on stockings, slipped into her good shoes, and stared at herself in the mirror. Her hair! She brushed it behind her ears and forced the short ends into a roll. She stared at herself. Her eyes looked too large and brilliant and anxious. Her mouth was pale. She fumbled for a lipstick, applied it hastily, and rushed back to the kitchen. She called Michael and Sally, got them in and out of the bathroom, and then, with Abigail's help, carried the basket to the back seat of the car.

The fear within her grew larger with every block that brought them nearer to town. All right, she thought, I'm afraid. But I can't let that stop me. I can't just quit with all the food I've made. I've got to go ahead with it. I've got to try. What more can folks do than say "no?" I've been said "no," to, lots of times. She looked back at Michael and Sally jolting in the back seat, babbling their delight over the ride and the sights. They have no one but me. It just has to go.

But when at last Abigail found a parking place before the building that housed the railroad office, Joanna could hardly force her legs out of the car.

Abigail was nervous, too. "Now don't feel bad if they don't buy. I'll take good care of the youngsters."

Joanna nodded. She lifted jars of beans, loaves of brown and white bread into a picnic basket that already held the paper plates and napkins and spoons that had taken ninety cents of her small hoard. She covered them all with a white linen napkin, and straightened and looked at Abigail. "I'll make out," she said through dry lips. "I'll make out fine."

"It's just five minutes to twelve. You'll catch them at a good time."

Joanna crossed the sidewalk to the door. The prayer within her had so loud a cry, she wondered that the passersby did not pause to hear .... please help me .... You know I can't do anything without you. You know I'm nothing but a farm girl, not brought up to do anything but cook and bake. You know about my children. Help me now, please."

(To be continued)

Frontier

C. Cameron Johns

Bind the continents together,
Bridge the rivers, span the skies—
Yet too deep for mortal daring
Is the measure of your eyes.

Wrest the secret of the ages
From the star, the sea, the stone;
One mystery lies beyond the solving—
Your heart that beats against my own.

Rosemary

Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

Not the bitter word would I remember
After the lapse of years,
When life approaches bleak December
Bereft of healing tears.

But the words of love that you have spoken
Burning with spirit flame,
Will weld a chain of trust unbroken
Until you call my name.

The Dress

Fay Tarlock

PART II

JANIE did not put the dress on until the others had finished their makeup and gone on stage. At the dress rehearsal she had worn her blue rayon print; the girls had looked at her as if to say, "Just what we expected." Tonight she was feverish with excitement as she slipped the billowy organdy over her shoulders and let her hair down from the makeup band. A friend at the beauty parlor had shampooed her hair that afternoon, giving it a golden rinse and an end curl. Now it formed a shining halo for her face. Her eyes were bright, her lips the color of the cherries at her belt.

"Why, I'm beautiful!" Janie marvelled as she faced the mirror. She said it humbly, even fearfully. Stepping onto the stage as she had been taught, her small head high on her slender neck, she was graceful and startling. The two boys who were to pull the curtain saw her first. Their popping eyes were all Janie needed. When the others saw her there was ecstasy in her smile. The ebullient youths who had been parading in their rented dinner jackets stopped still; the girls were too startled to speak.

John Rons exploded the silence. Advancing towards Janie, he took both her hands and said, "Oh, boy, can I kiss you tonight!"

"Places!" called Miss Ardman.

The play had a fast, smooth pace. When Janie moved or spoke, or even raised her hand, she stole every scene. The sense of power made her voice lilting, her laughter gay. She felt the exaltation of complete fulfillment when it was over. Yet there was one more pleasure to come, a dance in the gymnasium. Janie knew what she was to do: place the dress carefully in the zippered bag before she removed the grease paint. Miss Ardman, however, was conspicuously absent.

"Her boy friend came from the City," Janice whispered in answer to Janie's question. "She didn't even know he was coming and is she excited! She said to take off all our makeup before the dance. But we're not going to."

Janie watched the other girls leave the stage, their faces gaudy as parrots. She started to remove the dress, her hands pausing in midair to admire herself again in the mirror. After the sensation she had made tonight, she couldn't go to the dance unless she wore the dress. It was made for dancing. She could see herself floating like a transparent cloud, the frosty white skirt with its red dots billowing behind her, her hair blown back.

Didn't Miss Ardman have her fiance, an ex-flyer who was going to be a doctor? She didn't need the dress tonight. Janie let her hands slide to her sides. Then quickly, as if some one were waiting for her, she removed part of her makeup, enough from her lips to make them look natural, a little from her cheeks. Carefully she wiped at the beading

on her lashes. Satisfied, she went towards the gymnasium.

One of the side doors was open. She waited outside until the music started. But she was a second too early. Across the floor she saw the startled eyes of Miss Ardman. That lady in her black tailored suit had her hand on the arm of her fiance, ready to dance. The fiance was a tall, fair young man with glasses. He had a handsome, serious face, the kind of face a girl saw in her dreams.

Involuntarily Janie stepped back. Miss Ardman was looking directly at her. "She's angry," Janie thought as she stood there, afraid to take the little smile off her face. What happened next wasn't real. It was something from a story and Janie was in the story. Miss Ardman spoke to the tall man beside her. He nodded and they came across the dance floor, straight to Janie alone in the doorway. And Miss Ardman wasn't angry. Her eyes were kind. She laid her warm hand on Janie's cold arm.

"You look lovely, Janie," she said in a voice loud enough for others to hear. "This is my fiance, Robert Fleming. I think he wants to dance with you."

THE man smiled and bowed. "If Janie will do me the honor," he said, offering his arm.

In a quick rush of happiness Janie took his arm. Before they could move onto the floor, John Rons came bounding up the side. "This is our dance, isn't it Miss Ardman," he asked, giving the teacher a little wink. As they followed Janie to the floor he called, "The next is mine, remember."

Everyone in the gymnasium was looking at her Janie was certain. She could hear the envious sighs of the girls as they passed by on the crowded floor. "How you do rate!" Janice whispered enviously as she danced by. This was only the prelude, the next dance was with John.

She and John were a handsome sight and John knew it and liked it. "Golly, Janie," he breathed into her ear, holding her tighter, "I went out like a light when you came on the stage tonight. I didn't know you were like this."

The old Janie would have giggled. The Janie in the dress was quiet, smiling mysteriously. "It's the dress that put you out," she said slowly, lowering her beaded lashes.

"No," insisted John. "That's only part of it. You're so different." He sighed audibly.

The sigh was meat to Janie's new vanity. "You're so used to having all the old girls follow you around that you've never taken the trouble to know anyone who didn't," she told him, pouting prettily and withholding herself. She didn't even care if he was offended.

John laughed. Then the waltz music became swifter and John started to whirl. She held her head back, as she had pictured herself. Out of the corner of her eye she could see the clouds of transparency around her. Some of the dancers left the floor to watch. She closed her eyes, too full of bliss to talk.

After the dance, John was surrounded by girls. They closed about him, twittering and calling like birds. Not for a second was Janie left alone. Don Betger swaggered ahead to claim her. She knew that he had been hanging around the

house, pestering her mother. Looking at him under the glare of the gymnasium lights, she saw him as if for the first time. His clothes were too flashy, his hair too long. His mouth was weak, maybe cruel. No strength came from him. She shivered as if a cold wind had blown into the gymnasium.

"No, Don," she told him. "I'm not dancing any more tonight—not with you nor anyone."

She watched his face darken with quick anger and was relieved when he turned to another girl. Other men wanted to dance with her. She could see the invitation in their eyes. Two of them started quickly towards her. Turning, she slipped out of the same side door and ran in the red satin slippers down the drafty corridors to the auditorium. Back in the dressing room, she washed her hands and carefully removed the dress. With relief she saw that there were no marks of grease paint or stains. She put on the blue rayon and the rusty brown coat.

Outside her arms and hands felt empty, as if something had been torn from them. She knew how Cinderella must have felt standing in her rags on the palace steps. I haven't even a glass slipper to remember my magic night, she told herself as she pulled her coat closer. Then she raced home.

DURING the week following the play Janie avoided Miss Ardman. At the time it had seemed urgent to wear the dress. Now she wondered if the smart thing would not have been to have hung up the dress and gone home. She argued that Miss Ardman had not minded. Had she not rushed over to introduce her young man? Still Janie was troubled. There was the matter of a promise, given in all honor and broken rashly.

There was also another matter facing Janie. John Rons' smile had been more than warm the first Monday after the play. Without hesitation he had started for Janie's seat. Instead of making room for him, she had slid across the aisle to Amy Huff. After that she had carefully avoided John. She was not yet ready to meet him.

The Flower Ball came on the first Friday in May. Although it was a town dance, excitement as eager and warm as spring itself ran through the school. Don came to town Thursday night; Janie avoided him by spending the night with Amy. When any of the girls asked her if she were going to the dance she said, "Oh, sure." Miss Ardman's face was glowing, a dead giveaway that Robert Fleming was coming.

After school Janie scrubbed the kitchen. "I don't see why you do a thing like this when you ought to be resting for the dance," Mrs. Carlson complained.

"I'm not going to any old dance!" Janie flung the words at her as she yanked out the kitchen drawers.

"What's got into you the last few days? Ever since that play you've gone around here either sulking or pouting. I don't understand."

"Can't you leave me alone?" Janie demanded, her voice growing shrill. She rushed out of the house, slamming the door behind her.

After the youngest children were put to bed, her father and mother left for the dance. They would not stay long, Janie knew, just long enough to chat with their neighbors,

see the decorations and spring dresses. She waited until they were safely gone before she put on her brown coat and walked aimlessly towards town.

Stopping before the big house of red brick, she peered over the hedge into the living room. There was a side window with a lifted shade. Yes, it was Miss Ardman, still in her brown school dress. She had her hair down in a long bob, looking very young, not like a school teacher at all. She sat there, neither reading nor sewing. When Janie rang the doorbell, Miss Ardman came, her eyes red, as if she had been crying.

"You didn't stay home from the dance because I spoiled things by wearing your dress?" Janie blurted out the words, her voice thick. When they were out she leaned against the door jamb, trembling with relief that she had said them.

Miss Ardman pulled her inside the door. "No," she said. "That's not the reason, although when I first saw you come into the dance, I felt like doing just that."

JANIE began to cry. "I didn't mean to break my promise," she said between sobs. "I felt like I had to wear that dress to the dance or I would die. I guess there's no use telling you how sorry and ashamed I am."

"That's the best thing you can do," Miss Ardman told her, wiping Janie's eyes and nose with her own handkerchief. She drew Janie into the living room and sat beside her on the couch.

The tension of the past week ebbed from Janie. "When I looked out there and saw you," she confessed, "I knew what a low thing I had done. You could have shamed me there before everyone and made me hate myself and you. But you didn't. You acted as if you were proud I'd worn your dress."

"I had a lot of confidence in you, Janie. I knew you would tell me about it."

The coldness and hardness were gone from Janie's body, leaving it light and relaxed. Her tears came again, not the wrenching sobs, but easy ones. "Don't stop me," she protested. "I'm so happy." She felt clean and good. "I wanted to come to you but I didn't have the courage."

"You came at the right time," her teacher told her. "I was in a low state myself. This afternoon when I came home to curl my hair and rest, I got a telephone call from Robert's landlady. She said he had the flu, but that he had been planning to come right up until this afternoon when she put him to bed." She smiled ruefully at Janie. "For awhile I almost thought he wasn't ill. I was so disappointed."

The barrier between student and teacher was gone. "Why," Janie cried, shocked into speech, "teachers are human, just like anyone else!" She laughed with Miss Ardman. Clasping her hands over her knees, she confided, "I wanted to go to this dance so bad my skin hurt. But I wasn't going with Don Betger and no one else asked me." Avoiding Miss Ardman's surprised look, she said, "After I wore the dress I knew I could never go with him again."

"Then the week of misery was worth it," Miss Ardman said gently. "You can do better things than go with Don."

Janie's stifled yearnings and resentments stirred within her. "I want to do better things, but I don't know how." She looked down at her hands while Miss Ardman stared at the carpet.

Suddenly she jumped up, facing Janie. "There's just one thing for you to do," she said with determination.

Everything had been hopeless for so long, Janie felt none of her teacher's enthusiasm. "What is it?" she asked, not moving.

Miss Ardman became a school teacher again. "Ordinarily," she said in her clear, precise voice, "I don't think that a college education is the sum total of life. People can be just as happy, just as useful—that is, some people. But for you, Janie, I think it is the quickest and best way."

Janie slumped against the sofa. "I've got about as much chance of going to college as you have of being queen of England," she said.

Miss Ardman's eyes were bright with zeal. She sat by Janie's side, her voice as sharp as a new blade. "I'd like to know why you can't go to college. No," she commanded, lifting her hand. "Don't tell me! I know all the answers you have and there isn't one that's valid! All I want to know is, does it mean enough to you to go?"

"Of course I want to go, but how can a girl like me do it?"

"That's the whole trouble, a girl like you!" Miss Ardman snapped off each word and thrust it scornfully at Janie. "What's wrong with a girl like you? You feel sorry for yourself. It isn't because you are poor. It's because you think you are. That's what's holding you back! Don't you know, Janie," she ejaculated, "poverty is no disgrace! It's just an inconvenience. All we have to do is get rid of the inconvenience."

"I know," Janie acknowledged. "I ought to get away from Ronsville long enough to show people I can do something. Here I'm just Janie Carlson in an old brown coat."

"That's why college is the best way for you. It will polish those rough edges and open the way to a new life—for you and for your family." Miss Ardman was on her feet now, pulling Janie with her.

"It's easy, really," she said as they went upstairs. Inside her room she pulled out a last year's blue linen dress. Obediently Janie put it on and sat in front of the mirror while Miss Ardman arranged her hair.

"Now smile," Miss Ardman said, "as if you expected people to like you."

"Could I be like that always?" Janie asked as the two girls watched her face in the mirror.

MISS Ardman had an answer. "I have friends who would be downright glad to have you live with them. You could help with the dishes and stay with the children when necessary. On Saturdays and Sundays they would pay you extra to give you spending money. I'll write tomorrow, but I know we can call it settled."

"There's tuition and books," Janie reminded her.

"Let me think," Miss Ardman replied, tightening her lips. "I believe we can manage that too. There are scholarships to help girls like you. If we go about it the right way, I'm

sure we can get one. All you need now is money for clothes." She gave Janie's cheek a triumphant pat.

"I do baby sitting, but it doesn't pay much in Ronsville. People have too many relatives."

"A pretty girl like you," Miss Ardman deliberated, a critical look in her eyes, "shouldn't have trouble getting higher paid work." She gave Janie a thorough inspection from her curling bob to her pumps with the run-over heels. Her mouth still tight, she went into her closet again and emerged with a pair of saddle leather sandals, almost new and a fleecy white jacket, slightly worn at the cuffs, but personable.

"Now we'll go to the drugstore," she decided. "Ernie Todd owes me something for all the money I've spent there when I've been lonely for home. He told me he was going to put a new girl at the fountain as soon as the tourist business picks up. We'll save him the trouble of looking for one."

Then her eyes caught the old coat. "Let's say goodbye to 'brownie' forever," she declared rolling the coat into a tight bundle.

"Oh, no," Janie protested, reaching for the bundle, "Ma can make a coat out of it for one of the kids."

"Nobody's going to wear this coat again," Miss Ardman said positively. "We'll find a better one." She gave the bundle a decisive throw, landing it in the waste paper basket.

Janie felt a little cool in the fleecy jacket, but light as if her feet had wings. She sniffed the air with its promise of flowers. It smells just like I feel, she thought.

"There will be times, Janie, lots of times when you will be all alone in this thing. Will you have the fortitude for it?"

Janie threw back her head, feeling a surge of strength through her body. It was the strength of a person who suddenly understands himself. She thought of John Rons. He did not seem so important tonight. Soon she could meet him on his own grounds. There would be other boys, boys who might mean more to her than John.

"You haven't answered my question, Janie?" Miss Ardman tightened her hold on Janie's arm.

Janie did not slacken her pace. The strength was still there, flowing steadily. "I don't know how to tell you," she finally answered in a voice new in its maturity. "That morning you read the cast of the play—the morning I was late as usual—you made me a little angry and ashamed by reading to me. I thought you were just picking on me, but I kept remembering the words. Now maybe I understand what you were trying to tell me. From this night on I'm going to say to myself, 'I'm rising to do the work of a human being.' When I'm alone I'm going to remember those words and that you had confidence in me about the dress."

Miss Ardman said nothing, but Janie could see the satisfied look on her face as they turned under the neon light and went into the drugstore.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1948, page 274.

VISITING TEACHERS ACTIVITIES, NEW ORGANIZATIONS, AND ANNIVERSARY SOCIALS

Photograph submitted by Vida D. Brinton

MARICOPA STAKE (ARIZONA) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS VISIT PINE WARD

Left to right: Joseph Farnsworth, high councilman; Vida D. Brinton, President, Maricopa Stake Relief Society; Esther Miller, Secretary; Donna Brinton, daughter of Sister Brinton; Pearl Brinton, member of stake Primary board; George Tayrien, pilot.

In describing this interesting trip over the high mountains of Arizona, Sister Brinton writes: "As you probably know the Pine Ward is located about 120 miles from Mesa. It isn't the distance—but the road—and what a road! We were anxious to attend the conference, but when we thought of those winding, mountainous roads, the trip didn't seem nearly so interesting. Brother Rial Randall who is "airminded" came to our aid. He said he would make arrangements for those who wanted to fly to make the trip. This was done and in the party there were eighteen . . . . What a delightful trip! The conference in itself was an inspiration, and at noontime there was a demonstration of Western hospitality. All the Pine Ward members met in the park for a barbecue luncheon . . . . Such a feast they served!"

Photograph submitted by Mabel A. Price

CENTRAL ATLANTIC STATES MISSION, CHEROKEE (NORTH CAROLINA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZED

Front row, left to right: Nancy Walker; Second Counselor Dorothy Moles; Geneva Sannooke; President Nettie Crow.

Second row, left to right: Vera Moles; Melita Stud; Minda Kahdot; Nell Tahquette.

Back row, left to right: Jane Whiting; Lois Johnson.

Mabel A. Price, President, Central Atlantic States Mission Relief Society, reports the organization of this first Relief Society among the Cherokee Indians, consisting of ten members. The tribe to which these women belong has an annual fair, a state-wide attraction in North Carolina which is also attended by thousands of people from Tennessee and neighboring states. "The displays," Sister Price reports, "consist of farm products, vegetables and fruits, both fresh and canned, as well as sewing and works of art, just as fine, and in some cases, finer than any I have seen in state fairs."

Counselor Kate Arkansas was not present when this photograph was taken.

Photograph submitted by Rose B. Astle

SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), DOWNEY WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE 100% RECORD FOR 1948

Front row, left to right: Mary O. Elmer; Eillene Pearce; Second Counselor Linda McBride; President Oralie Wilkinson; First Counselor Alice Hill; Secretary-Treasurer, Lillian Bergstrom; LaVerna Skinner; Hazel Stohl; Josephine Wahlstrom; Sybl Roberts.

Back row, left to right: Emma Thompson; Florence Heath; Helen McMurray; Lela Robinson; Sarah Durden; Florence Evans; Virginia Smith; Goldie Reese; Ruth Goodwin; Inez McBride.

Rose B. Astle is president of South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ruby M. Blake

HIGHLAND STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), IMPERIAL WARD ANNIVERSARY PAGEANT "OUR RELIEF SOCIETY AND ITS PRESIDENTS," March 20, 1948

Front row, left to right: Annie C. Kimball, author of the pageant; readers: Elizabeth Minson, Mildred Radler, Nora Rigby, Margaret Harris; Josephine S. Jones, President, Highland Stake Relief Society; former stake presidents, Reka H. Cummings and Zora C. Paulson; General President of Relief Society, Belle S. Spafford; former general president, Amy Brown Lyman; former stake presidents: Jennie B. Duffin and Nellie O. Parker; Lola Curtis, former president, Imperial Ward Relief Society; Grace K. Carr, President, Imperial Ward Relief Society.

Back row, Singing Mothers of Imperial Ward, left to right: Una Nelson; Lucile Hiller; Charlotte Rawson; Elma Richards; Helen Sharp; Carrie Anderson; Anita Monson; Phyllis Van Wagoner; Alice Francom; Izora Hutson; Veone Brown.

This beautiful pageant summarized the accomplishments of Relief Society and honored its devoted leaders past and present. The Singing Mothers provided special music, featuring Anita Monson and Alice Francom as soloists.

Photograph submitted by Goldie Singleton

YELLOWSTONE STAKE (IDAHO), TWIN GROVES WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAINTAIN 100% RECORD FOR SIXTEEN YEARS

Present officers and visiting teachers, front row, seated, left to right: Vera Law; Bishop Floyd Law; former Relief Society presidents: Jennie Young; Barbara Goulding; Daisy Peterson; present President Vera Young; Leah Slack.

Back row, standing, left to right: Alpha Hathaway; Emma Dayton; Secretary-Treasurer Goldie Singleton; Levon Dayton; Lucretia Slack; Second Counselor Vera Gardener; Emma Brower.

This high achievement goal was set by former President Barbara Goulding. Sister Slack has been a visiting teacher for thirty-five years.

Elva Swensen is president of Yellowstone Stake Relief Society.

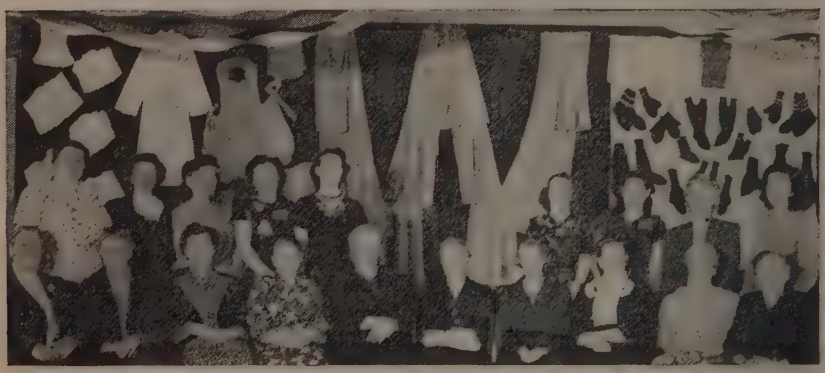
Photograph submitted by Fern B. Fowers

LAKE VIEW STAKE (UTAH), RIVERDALE WARD ANNIVERSARY PARTY HONORING PAST PRESIDENTS AND VISITING TEACHERS
March 16, 1948

Left to right: present President Gladys M. Taylor; Esther McEntire; Florence Fife; Louise Brown; Harriet Cozzens; Dora Laker; Polly Allen; Annie R. Johnson (insert).

The Riverdale Ward Relief Society was organized in 1872. Since that time there have been eleven presidents, eight of whom are living.

Fern B. Fowers is president of Lake View Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Louesa R. McDonald

NEW YORK STAKE, BROOKLYN WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS DISPLAY THEIR WELFARE WORK

Front row, left to right: Maria W. Rimmash; Mathilde Bethsold; Lois Rickett; Maria Weiss; Auguste Pegelow; Wilhelmine Paetz; Annie P. Clark; Lillie D. Smith; Berta Stapperfend; Henriette Doering.

Back row, left to right: Elsa Stecker; Elly Bethsold; Martha Doempke; Emma D. Braun, Secretary; June S. Young, President; Helen Fruehauf, Second Counselor; Wilma Z. Kullick, First Counselor; Zora P. Shurtleff; Dorothy N. Rothe.

Louesa R. McDonald is president of New York Stake Relief Society.

SHELLEY STAKE (IDAHO), JAMESTON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS SINCE ITS ORGANIZATION IN 1908

Front row, seated, left to right: Elizabeth Burke; Elnora Cox, first president, who held the office for nine years and resigned after her twelfth child was born; Amanda Christensen.

Back row, standing, left to right: Ethel Fielding (deceased); Mabel Roberts; Ardella Park; Dorothy Fielding, present president.

Annie R. Johnson is president of Shelley Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Chloe V. Stayner

SEATTLE STAKE (WASHINGTON), BREMERTON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY PARTY AND BAZAAR, April 19, 1948

Left to right: Secretary-Treasurer, Jennie Fry; Second Counselor Ethelyn M. Lay; President Chloe V. Stayner; First Counselor Iona M. McConkie.

Bremerton Ward was the first in Seattle Stake to secure its complete Relief Society building fund quota, a large amount of which was raised by the sale of quilts and personal contributions.

Vera M. Leishman is president of Seattle Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Christie J. Smith

TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION, NACHITOCHES (LOUISIANA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Front row, left to right: Clara A. Methvin, district work meeting leader; Evie N. Miller, Secretary, Nachitoches Branch; Addie M. Rogers, First Counselor; Blanche J. Smith, President.

Second row, left to right: Deleanous P. Morris; Eliza J. Holt; Delia M. Clark; Gladys M. Clark.

Third row, left to right: Agnes R. Clark; Effie L. Beck; Vannie J. Rogers; Vera N. Milam.

Christie J. Smith is president of the Texas-Louisiana Mission Relief Society.

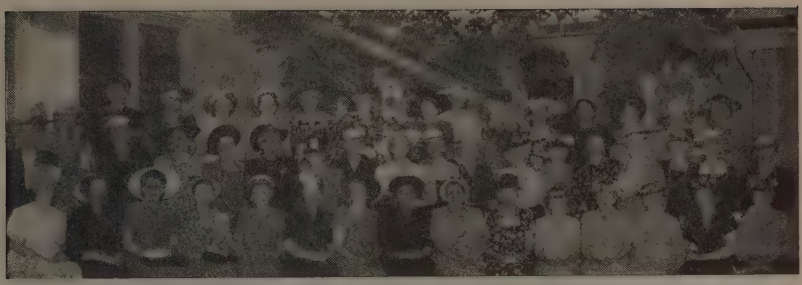
Photograph submitted by Martha W. Brown

CENTRAL STATES MISSION, ST. LOUIS (MISSOURI) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY SOCIAL AND PICNIC

In front, seated, left to right: Blanche Lockhead; Gertrude Eberhart; Anna Wiedmann; Emma Jean Kirkham; Ruth Phillips, Vera Oscarson; Second Counselor Lillian Linton; Secretary Audrey Salzmann.

At back, standing, left to right: Bertha Ohsiek; Almeda Mae Horton; Rita Russell; Bertha Evenson; Louise Varone; Wealtha Lockhead; President Myrtle Fleckinger; Anna Ayres; First Counselor Flora Guest.

Martha W. Brown is president of the Central States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Alice B. Steinicke

ENSIGN STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), WEST ENSIGN WARD LUNCHEON IN HONOR OF VISITING TEACHERS AND BUILDING-FUND ACHIEVEMENT, June 9, 1948

Front row, seated, left to right: Florence Smith; Irene Horsley; Lucy Baugh; Garda Grant; Lucy Berry; Alice Steinicke, President, Ensign Stake Relief Society; Marjorie C. Pingree, First Counselor, West Ensign Ward Relief Society; May G. Clawson, President, West Ensign Ward Relief Society; Elizabeth B. Winters, Second Counselor; Florence Johnson, Secretary-Treasurer; Ethel Ray; Mabel Farnsworth; Etta Juellesen; Emma Steen; Katherine D. Platt.

Second row, standing, left to right: Rachel G. Taylor; Mary G. Judd; Mina Kinnersley; Nina Stayner; Eva Baldwin; Florence Mitchell; Grace Backman; Bertha Edwards; Emma Sorenson; Claire Roberts; Frances Seeley; Amy Grover; Florence Hyde; Le Del Woodley; Mae Shuster; Naomi Y. James; Roselda Ashton; Kate Stayner.

Back row, standing, left to right: Eleanor W. Young; Vera Chipman; Louise Christensen; Mildred Sloan; Ethel Young; Mabel Wright; Ruth Cutler; Gwen Shurtliff; Celest Billeter; Anna Midgley; Florence Simmons; Genieve Holbrook; Mae Bywater; Luenda Hagen; Inez Belnap.

CALIFORNIA MISSION, RIDGECREST BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Front row, seated, left to right: Laurel Fifield, organist; Lauree Andreason, Secretary; Elizabeth Elliott, Second Counselor; Helen Harris, President; Esther Zilkey, First Counselor; Bessie Fox; Lillian Snyder.

Back row, standing, left to right: Edythe Maughan; Lorene Chadburn; Delma Werle; Catherine Childs; LaPriel Reed; Celestia Shorb; Nadine Jones; Sylvia Dyer; Grace Harrell.

Vivian R. McConkie is president of the California Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lula P. Child

WESTERN STATES MISSION, BRIDGEPORT BRANCH (NEBRASKA) RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS WEARING DRESSES WHICH THEY MADE IN THEIR SEWING PROJECT

Left to right: Cecelia G. Wilcox and baby; Eva Baird; Secretary Melissa M. Smith; First Counselor Mary E. Gilbert; President Mary Sue Chase; Second Counselor Mary L. Meglemire; Vera J. Eddings; Beryle Fitzgarrold; Elsie Wilcox; Roxie M. Baird.

Sister Lula P. Child, President, Western States Mission Relief Society, reports that this little group of women has raised $725.63 during the year. They are a happy and energetic group, eager and willing to carry out Relief Society projects.

Photograph submitted by Alberta O. Doxey

EASTERN STATES MISSION, PHILADELPHIA (PENNSYLVANIA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Front row, left to right: Counselor Edith Clark; President Elsa Graham; Counselor Lillian Nielson; Alberta O. Doxey, former President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society.

Back row, left to right: Secretary Ila Larson; Carrie Obendorpher; Gertrude Obendorpher.

Georgia R. Livingston is now president of the Eastern States Mission Relief Society.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 16—"From Sunshine to Shadow"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, Chapter 24, by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, May 3, 1949

Objective: To follow the Savior in his final preparation for the supreme sacrifice and show how he prepared his apostles for their great missions.

Note: All quotations which are not followed by references are taken from the text *Jesus the Christ*.

WHATEVER transpired during the transfiguration, it is evident that Jesus knew when he came down from the holy mountain that he must prepare for the consummation of his earthly ministry. He had received the transcendent assurance that his Father was well pleased. He had felt again the glory of heaven and had conversed with two of his own "divinely-appointed ministers." To his pure soul it must have been disturbing to know that he must go back for a time to unbelieving and wicked people and finally descend into the "valley of humiliation and death." With sublime courage he faced the ordeal.

Healing of a Youthful Maniac

At the foot of the mountain he found his other apostles and a multitude of people. One of the multitude had a sorely afflicted son. This man knelt at the feet of the Savior and said:

> Master, I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit; And wheresoever he taketh him, he teareth him: and he foameth, and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away: and I spake to thy disciples that they should cast him out; and they could not (Mark 9:17-18).

The failure of the disciples to heal the afflicted youth had brought upon them criticism. The unbelieving scribes had ridiculed the disciples and, indeed, had cast doubt on the authority of Jesus himself. However, when Jesus appeared the same scribes remained silent. Of course, this lack of faith and consequent lack of power among his chosen and ordained servants pained the Lord and he chided them:

> . . . O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? bring him hither to me. And Jesus rebuked the devil; and he departed out of him: and the child was cured from that very hour (Matt. 17:17-18).

A Perry Picture

From a painting by Hofmann

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN

In chapter 9 of Mark a more extended account of this miracle is given. The boy was evidently not in a condition to exercise faith in his own behalf. In reply to the man's earnest request, "If thou canst do anything," which really implied doubt, Jesus stated, "If thou canst believe; all things are possible to him that believeth." The man cried out: "Lord, I believe."

In the miracle just considered, the afflicted youth was permanently cured. Jesus had charged the demon to "enter no more into him." The apostles, while on their missions, had cast out devils but were unable to do so in this case. They were disturbed and asked the Lord, "Why could not we cast him out?" Jesus answered, "Because of your unbelief." However, he added, "Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." This lesson given by Jesus teaches so well that faith is a power, but that faith must be firm, genuine, and pure.

The Lord's Death and Resurrection Again Predicted

From the place where the last described miracle was wrought, Jesus and the apostles started toward Capernaum. He chose a less frequented road that he might have opportunity to instruct the twelve. They had received a testimony that he was the Christ, but he wanted them to know of his approaching death and resurrection. This, they were slow to comprehend. On one occasion he said, "Let these sayings sink down into your ears . . ." (Luke 9:44). Then he proceeded to explain that he would be killed and would "rise the third day." Luke says, "But they understood not this saying, and it was hid from them, that they perceived it not: and they feared to ask him of that saying" (Luke 9:45). They seemed not to want to believe because the very thought was so terrifying to them.

The Tribute Money Supplied by a Miracle

Soon after Jesus and his followers reached Capernaum, a tax collector approached Peter and asked, "Doth not your Master pay tribute?" The inquiry related to the temple tax which had been required of the Jewish male adults since the days of Moses. The question was not put to Jesus, probably because of respect or awe which was felt for him. Priests and rabbis were usually excused from paying this tax. It was a small tax, amounting to half a shekel or thirty-three cents in United States money. It was a Jewish contribution and not a tax levied by the Roman government. As Peter was about to submit the matter to the Master, the latter forestalled him by asking of Peter, "What thinkest thou, Simon? of whom do the kings of the earth take custom or tribute? of their own children, or of strangers? Peter saith unto him, Of strangers. Jesus saith unto him, Then are the children free."

The meaning was apparent—Jesus was the Son of God. The temple was the House of God. It was inconsistent to ask the Son to contribute to his own Father's house. Peter had already pledged payment without consulting Jesus. The Master, however, relieved any embarrassment on the part of Peter by saying, "Notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast

Evan Jensen

PALESTINE AT THE TIME OF CHRIST

an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for me and thee" (Matt. 17:25-27). Bible students tell us that the "piece of money" is designated by the more literal translation "stater," a silver coin equivalent to a shekel, the exact amount of the tax for two persons. The miracle is inexplainable, except on the assumption that Jesus made the earth, sea, and all things therein. It is incomprehensible to man's finite mind. The miracle is without parallel. Jesus performed no miracles for personal gain. This one was wrought for Peter and to avoid giving offense. His questions to Peter clearly showed that Jesus, by reason of being a King's Son, need not have paid the tax but voluntarily did so to avoid any seeming violation of the law and for the sake of his chief apostle.

As a Little Child

On the way to Capernaum a dis-

pute arose among the apostles as to who would be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. They believed Jesus was both the Messiah and temporal king. The apostles were arguing as to which would hold the important positions in the coming kingdom. They finally met with Jesus in a house at Capernaum and the question was submitted to him. The Lord knew the thoughts in their minds and, wanting to teach them a lesson on true greatness, took a little child tenderly in his arms and said:

> . . . Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me (Matt. 18:3-5).

He taught also that little children are typical of the kingdom of heaven. Jesus wanted his apostles to learn true humility. They were men of courage and force and he did not want them to become childish but childlike.

Following the lesson on humility he repeated some of the precious truths given in the great Sermon on the Mount, and gave them instructions on several vital subjects. They were to avoid giving offense, to overcome evil desires and tendencies at any cost. If they committed evil, their consciences would be an unquenchable fire within them. Every human soul must be tested. We are tried in the "fiery furnace" that the dross may be removed from the gold. Amputate any member of the body which gives offense. "For every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt" (Mark 9:49). "The soul must receive the saving salt of the gospel." The Lord was especially solicitous of children. He said, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

The Parable of the Lost Sheep

Showing his great concern that every soul should be saved, the Savior gave the parable of the lost sheep (Matt. 18:12-14 and Luke 15:1-7). Space will not permit quoting in full. Many people have misunderstood this parable. There was great rejoicing over the finding of the lost sheep as there will be whenever a lost soul is saved. However, the ninety-nine had continued joy. They were safe-folded in the Master's keeping. The one was brought back to the fold the others had been enjoying.

The Prophet Joseph Smith, in speaking of this parable, said:

> The hundred sheep represent one hundred Sadducees and Pharisees as though Jesus had said, "If you Sadducees and Pharisees are in the sheepfold, I have no mission for you; I am sent to look up sheep that are lost; and when I have found them, I will back them up and make joy in heaven." This represents hunting after a few individuals, or one poor publican, which the Pharisees and Sadducees despised. (D.H.C. V: 262 and *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, p. 277).

My Brother and I

Then followed a lesson on the proper method of adjusting differences between members of the Church, so necessary in all dispensations. The rule of the rabbis was that the offender must make the first advance toward an adjustment. Jesus

taught, "Moreover if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother" (Matt. 18: 15). Then he gave the steps to be taken if further adjustments must be made. Extreme measures were to be taken only if a man neglected or refused to obey the decision of the Church. If the offender was finally cut off, he would be "as an heathen man and a publican."

The procedure is the same in the Church today (D. & C. 42:88-93). The Lord's instructions on forgiveness should be studied (Matt. 18: 15-22).

These wonderful instructions were made more memorable by giving to the disciples the parable of the unmerciful servant (Matt. 18:23-35). The text on this parable should be carefully read.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. What was the first miracle that happened after the transfiguration? Why did not the apostles cast the demon out of the afflicted child?

2. Relate the experience of the Savior with the tax collector at Capernaum. How was the tax paid?

3. What lesson on humility did Jesus teach while at or near Capernaum?

Defeat

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Defeat is not defeat unless
Our own decisions make it so—
For us, defeat can make no terms,
If we persistently say no.

There is no lasting, real defeat,
When faith illumines destiny—
Defeat will prove at length to be
A stepping stone to victory.

The Sane View

Caroline Eyring Miner

THE children caught a bee and put it in a box. The poor insect buzzed frantically, throwing itself again and again against the imprisoning walls, but finding escape futile, it finally lay exhausted in a corner. Then the children lifted the lid and, suddenly, it was free again.

I have been a bee in a tight, black box and have fought frantically, madly, and futilely to escape. Exhausted, I have become calm and thoughtful and submissive to my fate and, realizing the futility of my own weak efforts, have waited for and sought divine aid which set me free.

Visiting Teachers Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 8—"Ye Are the Light of the World"

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, May 3, 1949

Objective: To emphasize that where much is given much is expected.

THE Lord in blessing his saints with membership in the Church has likewise required of them obligations. He would have them placed before the world as worthy examples.

A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house (Matt. 5:14-15).

Who in his Church are best qualified to exemplify the Master? Does wealth or position entitle an individual a prominent place in his kingdom? Is it the learned who may be pointed out as reflecting his teachings? No, for God has so set up his laws that any man, whether of high or low degree, may serve equally well to reflect the gospel light.

"Ye are the light of the world. So spoke our Savior to common folk like you and me and, in so doing, he exhibited his full confidence that his followers would measure up. A pertinent question for each of us today might well be, "Do we in our individualities justify his confidence? How may we measure up?"

When Christ said: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven," it was a personal request. And yet, there is a great and universal appeal in this entreaty. It reaches out to everyone. And, in responding to Christ's call, we may, each and all of us through our acts of righteous living make it possible for Christ to say of us: "Ye are the light of the world" (Matt. 5:14).

Communion at Midnight

Lizabeth Wall

For a little quiet while
Let there be no one around;
Let not any footstep fall,
Nor a breath, nor sudden sound.

Let there be no snapping twig
Nor a rustling anywhere.
White-starred moments such as this,
Only God and I must share.

Literature—Literature of the Latter-day Saints

Literature of the Gospel Restoration

Lesson 8—Literature of the Prophet's Closing Years

Elder Howard R. Driggs

For Tuesday, May 17, 1949

THE time from Liberty Jail to martyrdom at Carthage—a period of about five years—was crowded with momentous events, and literature portraying the spirit and activities of the saints during that period is of somewhat different cast from that of earlier days. Much of it, so far as the leaders were concerned, came largely in the form of writings to promote the Church at home and abroad. Two papers, the *Times and Seasons*, at Nauvoo, and the *Millennial Star*, in Liverpool, England, carried news and articles through the years. To expound the principles of the restored gospel, defend it against its enemies, and to guide the saints in righteous living, were major purposes. Civic problems of city, state and Nation also received attention. Often articles would rise to high literary standards, poems and songs appeared.

From the Prophet himself came notable expressions in written form, revealing growth in power to express himself in masterful thought and convincing style. But with characteristic humility, the Prophet acknowledged the hand of the Lord in these accomplishments. "I am a rough stone," he said. "The sound of the hammer and chisel were never heard on me until the Lord took me in hand. I desire the learning and wisdom of heaven alone" (*Scrapbook of Mormon Literature*, Ben E. Rich, II, page 6).

In a former lesson mention was made of the Prophet's skill as revealed in the brief story of his life by himself, and also of the Articles of Faith.

Another outstanding work, written not for publication, but expressive of the Prophet's thoughts and feelings he called the "Law of the Lord." In this personal book loving tribute is paid to his loyal wife, Emma; to his beloved brother, Hyrum, for whom he prays, "Oh may the Eternal Jehovah crown eternal blessings upon your head, as a reward for the care you have had for my soul." Also to Newel K. Whitney, to whom he says, "Thou art a faithful friend in whom the afflicted sons of men can confide, with the most perfect safety." The Prophet continues, "There are many souls whom I have loved stronger than death. To them I have proved faithful—to them I am determined to prove faithful, until God calls upon me to resign up my breath" (D.H.C. V, 107-8).

In the year 1842, Joseph Smith was rejoicing in a full measure of success and reward for his sacrificial labors and his soul-testing sufferings for the gospel's sake. The Church he had founded amid such travail was on the upsweep towards nation-

al, even world power and influence. Well could he radiate gladness and humble thanksgiving and praise to God.

Unhappily days of trouble and tragedy were soon to follow. Mark Twain, in his characteristic style once said something which seems to apply aptly to the situation in those palmy days: "Few of us can stand prosperity; another man's I mean." Nauvoo had become the largest, most thriving city in Illinois. The Latter-day Saints held the balance of political power; and that brought jealousy and strife, both within and without the Church.

Literature produced during this time naturally was not only in vigorous defense of the principles of the restored gospel, but also was often directed towards building up America with better, more righteous government. In other words, Joseph Smith and those who stood loyally with him, rising above petty politics, expressed themselves boldly and clearly on fundamental principles of true Americanism. Some such utterances by the Prophet are statesmanlike:

> The Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is a heavenly banner; it is like a great tree under whose branches men from all climes can be shielded from the burning rays of an inclement sun: and Mormon as well as Presbyterian, and every other denomination have equal rights to partake of the fruits of this great tree of our national Liberty.
>
> We believe that every man should be honored in his station rulers and magistrates, as such, being placed for the protection of the innocent, and the punishment of the guilty; and that to the laws, all men owe respect and deference, as without them peace and harmony would be supplanted by anarchy and terror; human laws being instituted for the express purpose of regulating our interests as individuals and nations (*Scrapbook of Mormon Literature*, II, pp. 6-9).

The Prophet's plan for resolving the slavery problem in a peaceable way, through purchase and resettlement of these unfortunates, is an example of his grasp and forward-thinking on national issues. Eleven years later, when Ralph Waldo Emerson proposed essentially the same procedure, he won acclaim from the Nation. And at the time Josiah Quincy wrote that this way out of a serious difficulty had been offered more than a decade before by the Mormon Prophet, Joseph Smith, and his statement was received in silence. Until the flames of war came, people were not ready to listen.

Nor in those fateful days of 1843-44, would they hearken—the Nation at large—to the inspired words of this leader. Instead, malicious ones of religious creeds, and unscrupulous politicians banded together to bring destruction to this Prophet and the Church he had founded. Aided by traitors within the membership, these evil ones finally wrought their wicked will. Literature portraying the waxing strife and the aftermath of Carthage is readily available. Joseph Smith went, as he said: "Like a lamb to the slaughter, but," said he, "I am calm as a summer's morning; I have a conscience void of offense toward God, and towards all men. I shall die innocent, and it shall yet be said of me—he was murdered in cold blood."

Out of this tragedy literature of soul-lifting cast has been created. The following by Apostle Orson Hyde reaches literary heights:

Twenty-seventh of June, 1844. Eventful period in the calendar of the nineteenth century! That awful night! I remember it well: I shall never forget it! Thousands and tens of thousands will never forget it! A solemn thrill—a melancholy awe comes o'er my spirit! The memorable scene is fresh before me! It requires no art of the pencil, no retrospection of history, to portray it. The impression of the Almighty Spirit on that occasion will run parallel with eternity! The scene was not portrayed by earthquake, or thunderings, and lightnings, and tempests; but the majesty and sovereignty of Jehovah was felt far more impressively in the still, small voice of that significant hour, than the roaring of many waters, or the artillery of many thunders, when the spirit of Joseph was driven back to the bosom of God, by an ungrateful and bloodthirsty world! There was an unspeakable something, a portentious significancy on the firmament and among the inhabitants of the earth. Multitudes felt the whisperings of woe and grief, and the forebodings of tribulation and sorrow that they will never forget, though the tongue of man can never utter it. The Saints of God, whether near the scene of blood, or even a thousand miles distant, felt at the very moment the Prophet lay in royal gore, that an awful deed was perpetrated. O, the repulsive chill! The melancholy vibrations of the very air, as the prince of darkness receded in hopeful triumph from the scene of slaughter! That night could not the Saints sleep, though uninformed by man of what had passed with the Seer and Patriarch, and far, far remote from the scene; yet to them sleep refused a visitation—the eyelids refused to close—the hearts of many sighed deeply in secret, and inquired, "Why am I thus?"

Shall I attempt to describe the scene at Nauvoo on that memorable evening? If I could, surely you would weep, whatever may be your faith or skepticism, if the feelings of humanity are lodged in your bosom: all prejudice and mirth would slumber, till the eye of pity had bedewed the bier, and the heart had found relief in lamentation . . . .

But here I must pause; my pen shall touch lightly, as it must feebly, that hallowed—that solemn and ever-memorable hour! The holy and immutable principle of retribution for crime that dwells eternally in the bosom of God, insensibly impelled the right hand almost to draw the glittering sword, and feel the sharpness of the bayonet's point and its fixedness to the musket's mouth. But the well-planted principle of self-command, and also of observing the order of Heaven and the counsel of the Priesthood, soon returned the deadly steel to the scabbard; and the victorious triumph of loyalty to God, in committing evil-doers to Him that judgeth righteously, and who hath said, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay" prevailed over the billows of passion. (*Scrapbook of Mormon Literature*, I, pp. 283-285).

Among the first expressions of praise and exultation was the song, already mentioned from the pen of W. W. Phelps, a stanza of which we repeat:

Hail to the Prophet, ascended to heaven
Traitors and tyrants now fight him in vain;
Mingling with Gods, he can plan for his brethren;
Death cannot conquer the hero again.

A wealth of songs extolling the Prophet may be found—some of them of classic quality. Naturally, also, there were other types of effective expression. From John Taylor, who was shot down, and all but killed in Carthage when Joseph and Hyrum were martyred, we have not only his vivid portrayal of that tragic day, but also his poetic tribute, "The Seer"—voicing grief triumphant. The last stanza of this poem follows:

He's free! he's free! the Phophet's free!
He is where he will ever be,
Beyond the reach of mobs and strife,
He rests unharmed in endless life.
His home's in the sky, he dwells with the Gods,
Far from the furious rage of mobs.
He died! he died for those he loved,
He reigns, he reigns in the realms above.

He waits with the just who have gone before,
To welcome the saints to Zion's shore;
Shout, shout, ye saints his boon is given;
We'll meet our martyred Seer in heaven.

The following incident also brings us close to John Taylor, who became the third President of our Church. It occurred, after his wounds had healed, in Nauvoo. Major Warren was sent there by Governor Ford, to supervise in a military way the affairs of Hancock County. Word had reached this officer that the Latter-day Saint leaders had determined to do their own defending of their rights—even if need be to resist the law. In answer, Elder Taylor said, with the ring of Patrick Henry's "Liberty or Death" speech in his words:

Major Warren, I stand before you as a man who has suffered deep injury from the citizens of this state, and consequently have some feelings. You talk, sir, about 'the majesty of the law and maintaining the law.' Why, sir, the law to us is a mere farce. For years past the law has been made use of only as an engine of oppression. We have received no protection from it. I have suffered under its cruel influence. You talk about your troops being efficient, supporting law and preserving peace. This tale may do to tell some, but it fails to charm us. You talk about the majesty of the law! What has become of those murderers [i.e. of Joseph and Hyrum Smith]? Have they been hung or shot, or in any way punished? No, sir, you know they have not. With their hands yet reeking in blood, having become hardened in their deeds of infamy, knowing they will not be punished, they are now applying the torch to the houses of those they have already so deeply injured.

Major Warren tried to stop the speaker, but Apostle Taylor brushed him aside.

Where is the spirit of '76? Where is the fire that burned in the bosoms of those who fought and bled for liberty? . . . . Talk about law! Sir, I stand before you as a victim of law. I feel warm on this subject—who would not? I have seen my best friends shot down while under legal protection. What is our governor? These scenes have been enacted under his supervision . . . . And you will talk to us of law and order, and threaten us with punishment for disobeying your commands and protecting our rights! What are we? Are we beasts? I tell you for one, sir, I shall protect myself, law or no law, judge or no judge, governor or no governor, I will not stand such infernal rascality, and if I have to fight it out, I will sell my life as dearly as I can (Roberts, B. H., *Life of John Taylor*, pp. 163-166).

Major Warren did not serve the papers he had come to serve on the twelve apostles—and the judge who had issued them thought it wise not to press the case further.

Those tragic days, we are glad, have passed. They are recalled today with less fire. Yet they are not forgotten, and lessons they call to mind still bring inspiring expression.

Studies and Activities

1. What lyric or other expression in literature has brought more vividly to you the spiritual meaning of the martyrdom?
2. Be prepared to give a brief quotation—just a sentence or two—which shows the Prophet's practical grasp of state and national needs.
3. What, as a final word, has this course on *Literature of the Latter-day Saints* contributed to you?

References

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Social Science—Latter-day Saint Political Thought

Lesson 7—International Strife and the Quest for Peace

Elder G. Homer Durham

For Tuesday, May 25, 1949

Objective: To appreciate the part some Latter-day Saints have taken in recent political activities and the obligation resting on Latter-day Saints to teach their children the doctrines of free agency and liberty in harmony with Latter-day Saint knowledge.

FREE agency permits men to do good or evil; to construct prosperous, peaceful communities, or to war with each other. If "courtesy" and spiritual forbearance are essential to traffic safety (as suggested in lesson one), what spiritual development and "courtesy" must men with atomic bombs develop?

The Millennial Hope

For generations men have longed for the day when "the lamb and the lion shall lie down together without any ire," when swords shall become plowshares and spears be turned into pruning hooks. Notwithstanding, some of the world's bloodiest wars have been the wars of religion. But at the same time the world's religions have helped keep alive mankind's vision of peace on earth. The ideal of the kingdom of God in the Christian religion particularly, has rendered this service. A foundation principle of Mormonism, and one of its interesting contributions to political doctrines, *is that it is now within the reach of men—and their obligation—to "bring forth and establish the kingdom of God."* This religious ideal, we have seen, has been fortified with practical devices. President John Taylor, nearly a century ago, November 24, 1855, wrote:

> Although the present distracted state of the world might seem to forbid the expectation of an immediate amalgamation, *yet the rapid increase of means of communication, the sure and decided commingling of interests,* a universal exchange of sentiment, an increasing desire among mankind to shake off the shackles of despotism and enjoy the liberty of speech and conscience—*all conspire to show that such a combination of circumstances must eventually result in some kind of universal government—moral, religious, and political* (*The Gospel Kingdom*, page 303).

A few years later, January 17, 1858, the same leader stated:

> The germs of this peace are with us; the

intelligence concerning these matters has begun to be developed (Ibid., page 305).

Section 65 of the Doctrine and Covenants, speaking of the restoration of the "keys of the kingdom" to man on the earth, declares:

> Wherefore, may the kingdom of God go forth, that the kingdom of heaven may come . . .

And the Tenth Article of Faith states simply that we believe "the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory."

Practical Idealism

If the peoples of the world understood each other better, their geography, living habits, governmental systems, and social customs, the technological revolution referred to by President John Taylor might well "result in some kind of universal government." But the world, as also noted by Joseph Smith and many Latter-day Saint leaders since 1830, is "split up and divided into different objects . . . and watching each other as so many thieves" (*The Gospel Kingdom*, page 299). Instead of understanding, *misunderstanding* is too often promoted as each nation controls its own press, schools, films, radio, and other mass-media. In rather sharp contrast, the Latter-day Saints, since the day in 1830 when Samuel H. Smith strapped some copies of the Book of Mormon on his back, have, by means of the missionary system, systematically exploited the possibilities of international understanding. Particularly has this been true among the countries of Northwestern Europe, Australia, South Africa, Mexico, certain Pacific isles, and, more recently, Argentina and Brazil. A continuous stream of missionaries has gone forth, and until about 1925, a continuous flood of immigrants poured into the Latter-day Saint communities. As a result, Stephen Duggan, for many years director of the Institute of International Education, said that Salt Lake City was the center of international understanding.

Latter-day Saint missionaries have, by themselves, negotiated no remarkable international agreements, but the contribution, even at the diplomatic level, has by no means been insignificant. On the authority of Elder Don Corbett, a major in the United States Army, it was a former Latter-day Saint missionary to Germany, Dr. David White, who translated the surrender terms imposed by General Dwight D. Eisenhower on General von Rundstedt and the German High Command, May 1945; and who, moreover, by his skill, corrected several details in the German-Allied correspondence which were of major importance. A Utah-born diplomat from a famous missionary family, Cavendish W. Cannon, was one of the expert consultants present at the Truman-Stalin - Churchill - Attlee meeting which produced the Potsdam agreement of July 1945. A former missionary, Colonel Floyd W. Goates, was actively in charge of certain Japanese educational activities in the reconstruction of Japan. A young missionary, Thomas W. Thorsen, was a detachment commander in the United States military government set-up in Europe, and produced an eighteen-volume memorandum on Norway's economy which rated him

a decoration by the Norwegian government. Dr. Dale D. Clark of Farmington, a former missionary to Germany, was active throughout the war in the planning section of the SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces) and later saw active responsibility in the reconstruction of Austria and Germany. And the recent examples could be multiplied—such as the work of Dr. Llewellyn R. McKay, Paul W. Hodson, Stanley D. Rees, and Eldon J. Facer—all former missionaries to Germany, in the Strategic Bombing Survey of 1945.

Even more interesting and subtle, have been the contributions of such Latter-day Saint missionary products as Reed Smoot, Elbert D. Thomas, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., Edgar B. Brossard and others. Dr. John Mabry Matthews, in his volume on *American Foreign Relations*, states without hesitation that the now-famous "good neighbor policy" stems from the work of J. Reuben Clark, Jr., as Undersecretary of State, citing in particular President Clark's official report, *Memorandum on the Monroe Doctrine* (1928), as an important basis therefor.

Dr. Hubert Herring has told many a lecture audience that the real shift toward improved American relations with Latin-America dates from the ambassadorships of Dwight W. Morrow and J. Reuben Clark to Mexico. Too often overlooked in the current interest in nations to the south is the fact, also, that as an official American representative, President Clark, many years ago, as General Counsel for the United States before the American-British Claims Commission, assisted in solving some of the oldest and touchiest problems between the United States, England, and Canada, involving fishing rights in the North Atlantic and other long-standing controversies.

The influence of Reed Smoot in the international financial arrangements of the twenties and the Hoover moratorium policies, is a story yet to be told. The unique oriental missionary experience of Senator Elbert D. Thomas was put to many uses before, during, and after World War II—not to mention his many European conferences as an official American delegate. After World War II, when America was being asked for loans and credits to promote European recovery, it was interesting to observe that one of three American representatives negotiating the original post-war British loan was at one time a Latter-day Saint missionary to Scotland, Marriner S. Eccles, the chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System. And one of the American delegates to the Geneva Conference of 1947 designed to establish an International Trade Organization was Dr. Edgar B. Brossard, former missionary to France, and at that time, chairman of the United States Tariff Commission.

All of these persons, together with hundreds of others unnamed, may or may not have been conscious of the root doctrines of American Latter-day Saint political theory as they discharged their official duties. But none will gainsay the fact that the day-by-day *living* experiences they had as missionaries with the common people of Northwestern Europe, or that were their traditions as

members of communities and families into which such experience constantly was being kneaded, could not help but contribute to a deeper understanding of the essential problems of international life.

If the present rate of missionary work continues (it could exceed it!) by 1970—a date comparable with the period between World War I and II—it is possible that, in addition to these of the past, there can be 75,000 additional men and women who will have experienced active Latter-day Saint missionary work. In 1970 they will be the vigorous citizens and community leaders who will face the world. Their contribution, with other men and women of good will the world over, including those whose lives they may touch, may well tip the balances for peace or for war. Moreover, many members of this young "army" will have been "ambassadors" of the United States and of constitutional government, and of a way of life that teaches liberty, tolerance, generosity, and forbearance.

The cumulative effects on world opinion and American diplomacy—if this work is well done—are not to be overlooked. Most of the Western Hemisphere, save for the Northeast, was largely "conquered" by Spanish priests—missionaries—in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Much of Asia and Africa became provinces of the British Empire in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, in which the work of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts" and other British missionary societies were by no means inconsequential. Yet, no one need fear the Latter-day Saint missionary abroad! He asks nothing save from those who voluntarily would like to be immersed in water, and who thereafter remain free men, "believing in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates." And he pays his own way, which nowadays helps the dollar balances so nervously sought after by foreign governments!

Opportunity of Latter-day Saint Mothers

What can a Latter-day Saint mother do? She can study and understand the gospel, including its application to the problems involved in socialism, communism, and international relations. She can teach the meaning of liberty and free agency to her children. She can make of her family, with the father's help, a model of constitutional government. She can help conduct the "foreign relations" of that family with other families, Latter-day Saint and non-Latter-day Saint, so as to produce a happier community. She can teach her children the principles of good government by teaching them individually to pray, and by insisting on family prayers. She can help educate her sons ("the glory of God is intelligence!") and send them on missions. She can point out that liberty is earned; that it has obligations. The family hearth may become the center of a continuous school, not only in constitutional government and sound political theory, but for all problems of society, by reminding one and all that life is what we make it; that the kingdom of God men seek in outward environment, is within each one of us, as Jesus taught.

Questions for Discussion

1. If the great "millennial hope" of world government should be realized, and you were called upon to help frame it, what principles should be included therein?
2. Recall the influence of missionary movements in world affairs of the past, and have the class discuss them. For example, Paul of Tarsus and his companions; St. Augustine's traditional mission to Britain; various modern British mission movements (such as the establishment of Dartmouth College in early America; Livingston in Africa, etc.); Marquette and Joliet, the Spanish fathers, in the expansion of Europe in the Americas.
3. What may be the unique opportunities of missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints?
4. Need any modern government fear the presence of missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? Need any person?
5. What can a Latter-day Saint mother do to promote the cause of good government? Peace and safety in society? Economic well-being?

Optional Lessons in Lieu of Social Science—The First Presidencies

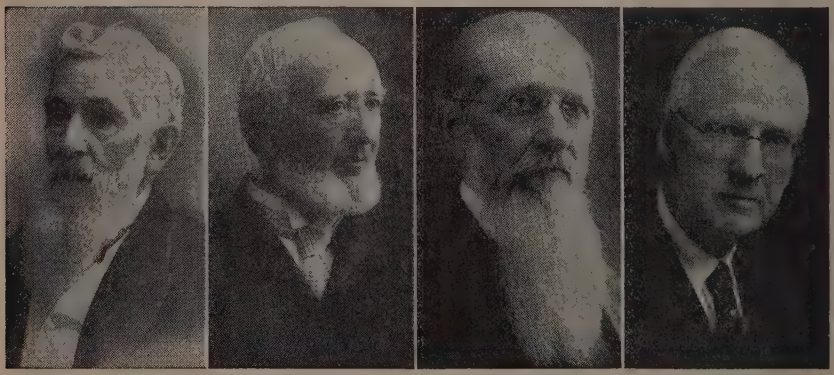
(Primarily for use outside Continental United States and its possessions)

Lesson 7—The Presidency of Lorenzo Snow

Elder T. Edgar Lyon

For Tuesday, May 25, 1949

THE PRESIDENCY A UNIT—THE THREE ARE ONE



Lorenzo Snow | George Q. Cannon | Joseph F. Smith | Rudger Clawson

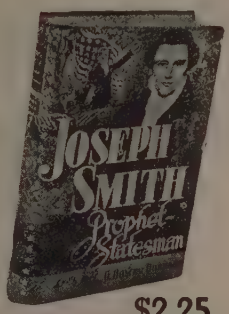
Lorenzo Snow

WHEN Wilford Woodruff died in 1898, he was succeeded by Lorenzo Snow, a man who had already served the Church for sixty-two years. Elder Snow was born in Mantua, Ohio, in 1814, and although reared in a family of devout

Christians, had failed to find satisfaction in any of the religious denominations of the day. He had ambitions to become a professional military leader, and enrolled in Oberlin College, a strict Presbyterian institution. From there he wrote to his sister Eliza R. Snow, "If there is nothing better than is to be found in Oberlin College, goodbye to all religions." He desired to study Hebrew and finding that it was possible to secure Hebrew instruction in nearby Kirtland, went there. He was indifferent to the religious beliefs of his colleagues, but after only a short acquaintance with the Prophet Joseph, he joined the Church in June 1836. The military career was forgotten and he became a soldier in the army of God, fighting for the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth.

He brought to the councils of leadership in the Church a great deal of practical experience, acquired in the service of the Church. During the winter of 1846-1847, he was left in charge of the temporary camp of the saints at Mt. Pisgah, Iowa. Here he manifested great ability as an organizer, utilizing the various capacities of the members to manufacture, churns, barrels, etc., which they sold or exchanged for food. He also delegated others to labor in Missouri and take their wages in foodstuffs. So successful were these ventures that during the winter, the once destitute and starving saints were able to send gifts of food to the saints at Winter Quarters.

It was not until 1848 that Lorenzo Snow migrated to the Salt Lake Valley. In February 1849 he was called to be one of the twelve apostles



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and was appointed to open Italy for missionary work. Arriving in Italy in June 1850, he labored with great energy among the Waldensian sect in the Piedmont Valley. Elder Snow was instrumental in having the Book of Mormon translated into Italian and also wrote a number of missionary tracts. He directed the opening of the mission in Switzerland where much success was enjoyed, and then went to the island of Malta for the same purpose. From this point he arranged for the opening of missionary work in British India.

Returning from these missionary endeavors he was called to take fifty families and settle Brigham City. There he established his home and lived for forty years. It was while he resided at Brigham City that the "United Order" of co-operative enterprise was introduced and met with a high degree of success. The city was a self-sustaining community, with about forty diversified industries, producing many fine manufactured goods ranging from linen collars, broadcloth suits and silk hats, to kid gloves and dress shoes, cheese, furniture, and wagons.

Lorenzo Snow was eighty-five years of age when he became President of the Church on September 13, 1898, just eleven days after the death of President Woodruff. In spite of his advanced age, he enjoyed good health and the manner in which he attacked the problems facing the Church indicates that the Lord had called one to preside whose training in practical affairs would be of great benefit to the Church. "I do not want this administration to be known as Lorenzo Snow's administration," he states,

"but as God's in and through Lorenzo Snow."

The most pressing problem was that of financing the Church. During the years of persecution the Church income had dwindled almost to nothing and it had been necessary to borrow money to keep the Church operating. President Snow determined to issue $1,000,000 in short-term bonds to raise money to keep the Church's various missions, temples, and administrative activities functioning. Although some insisted it would be necessary to do this in the East, President Joseph F. Smith insisted it could be done locally, and the entire amount was subscribed within Utah.

The next problem was to secure for the Church a steady source of income that would repay the bonds and give the Church sufficient income to maintain itself. Joseph Fielding Smith describes the reason for the falling off of Church income during these years as follows:

> During the time of trouble with the government over the question of plural marriage, and especially after the confiscation of the property of the Church, the members of the Church quite generally became lax in the payment of their tithing. They were discouraged. Their leaders were either cast into prison or forced to seek the quiet of retirement from public duties. Under these conditions the members of the Church were neglected. Moreover, realizing that their means turned into the treasury of the Church as tithing were greedily seized upon by unscrupulous officials and for these and other reasons, they became neglectful of duty especially in regard to the payment of their tithes and offerings (*Life of Joseph F. Smith*, page 307).

Immediately after becoming President of the Church, President Snow began a campaign to awaken

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the saints to their responsibility in this matter. At a solemn assembly convened in the Salt Lake Temple, he said:

> Teach your children to pay tithing, so that it may be perpetually observed. If we observe this law, no matter what our enemies may do, the Lord will preserve us . . . Should we continue in this dilatory way of paying tithing, we will be scattered just as the people of the Jackson County were. This is true as God is true.

While speaking at the Mutual Improvement Conference that year, he appealed to them for their support in sustaining the principle of tithing. At the conclusion of his discourse the following resolution was presented to these representatives of nearly every stake in the Church, and unanimously adopted by them:

> Resolved: That we accept the doctrine of tithing, as now presented by President Snow, as the present word and will of the Lord unto us, and we accept it with all our hearts; we will ourselves observe it, and we will do all in our power to get the Latter-day Saints to do likewise.

The remainder of the year 1899 became a year of tithe-preaching and tithe-paying throughout the stakes and missions of the Church. As a consequence, the people became "tithing-conscious" and commenced to return to the Lord his portion of their material blessings. President Snow did not live long enough to see the complete rewards that resulted from this new emphasis, but he saw the first fruits of this divinely inspired reformation.

During the administration of President Snow his counselors did all in their power to spare their President's waning strength by assuming as much of the arduous work of the Presidency as they could. President Cannon traveled extensively throughout the Church, visiting stake conferences, dedicating chapels and giving counsel in spiritual and temporal affairs. In 1900 he went to Hawaii to attend the golden jubilee of the opening of the missionary work in that land, of which he had been one of the originators. He received a welcome upon arrival such as had, up to that time, never been accorded any visitor to the islands.

President Cannon died rather suddenly while resting in California on April 16, 1901. President Snow did not appoint another counselor then, but had President Smith take over as much of the responsibility of President Cannon as he could. President Smith also traveled extensively in the wards and stakes and in addition during these years visited the colonies of saints in Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico, and Canada, as well as a number of the mission fields. These visits were made to carry to these scattered saints the new emphasis upon tithing and to assist them in making plans for their future growth and the expansion of Church missionary work.

At the October Conference in 1901 President Snow selected President Smith to be the first counselor in the Presidency and Rudger Clawson, one of the Council of Twelve, to be the second counselor. They were never set apart to these offices however, as President Snow died four days after conference, on October 10, 1901. His passing brought to a close an administration that placed the Church on a sound financial basis which has provided

the necessary means for the remarkable growth in its missionary activities, temple and chapel building, educational endeavors, its hospital services and numerous charities that have characterized it in the twentieth century.

Questions and Problems for Discussion

1. What caused the general non-observance of the law of tithing on the part of the Church membership prior to 1899?
2. Why is it essential that the saints be constantly reminded to pay an honest tithing?
3. What lasting benefits have come to the Church and its membership as a result of President Snow's stimulation of tithe-paying?
4. Relate President Snow's account of his spiritual manifestation after he joined the Church as recorded in the *Biography and Family Record of Lorenzo Snow*, pp. 7 and 8. (Also reprinted in Robert's *Comprehensive History of the Church*, VI, pp. 383-384).
5. Read the Rev. Dr. Prentis's estimate on the character and spirituality of Lorenzo Snow, found on pages 96 and 97 of Cowley: *Prophets and Patriarchs*.
6. Make a report on the view held by President Snow concerning the mission of the Twelve and the Seventy in the Church. (See *Comprehensive History of the Church*, VI, pp. 376-380).

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From Near and Far

Mrs. Teacle isn't a member of our Church but has taken the *Magazine* for many years and enjoys it very much. Somehow the *Magazine* agent neglected to call on her earlier, but I hope that even at this late date, she can still be on the list. Our sisters all look forward to the arrival of the *Magazine* and feel that the material printed therein is very excellent.

—Blanche K. Richmond, President,
Australian Mission Relief Society

I would like to tell you how much *The Relief Society Magazine* means to me. My husband and I were converts to the Church twenty-six years ago, shortly after the birth of our third child. We now have a family of twelve, seven daughters and five sons. For a few years after we became members we had missionary elders working in our district occasionally, then we moved away and had no contact with the Church. Through this period I was helped many times by *The Relief Society Magazine*. The stories and articles printed in it were a constant source of inspiration to me. I would not miss being a subscriber to the *Magazine*, even if the price increased fourfold. Money could not give me the comfort and assurance that the *Magazine* gives to me from between its valued pages.

—Irene E. J. Edwards,
Paterson, Australia

I have never wished I were a woman, nor anything else other than what the Father in heaven has begotten me to be. Still, I often think were I a woman and could have part in the heavenly work our Relief Society sisters are doing, then I'd be too happy and busy to wish I were anything else. Generally it is I who go to the door when the postman arrives and on days when *The Relief Society Magazine* is received, don't suppose for a minute that I toss it to Sister M. Oh no, it's probably the only time in our home when daddy asserts his dignity, or needs to, for that matter. But just ask Sister Mitchell if I don't simply glue myself to that little *Magazine* for an hour or so. But being clever, as Relief Society sisters are wont to be, she sweetly busies herself about the living room, but one can tell her coveting little heart is wishing you at the office would print the *Magazine* in some strictly feminine language which husbands couldn't decipher.

—Bert C. Mitchell, Salem, Oregon

I thought this was too good to keep to myself. I went to meeting Tuesday. Before the lesson started I raised my hand and said "I want to say a few words for *The Relief Society Magazine*. This is the last call as orders must be in one month ahead. Now, sisters, let me help you all with your Christmas shopping. There is nothing nicer than a year's subscription to the *Magazine* for a present. I will be sitting at that table when the meeting is over waiting for your orders." And was I surprised to get twenty orders. I am happy to talk about the *Magazine*.

—Charlotte O'Connor,
Hollywood, California

There is no book large or small that brings so much fine material for everyone who reads it, as the little *Relief Society Magazine*.

—Allie R. Berry, Quemado, Texas

Christie's poem in the Christmas issue is beautiful ("The Christmas Dream"—Frontispiece, by Christie Lund Coles). I always appreciate her rhyming and use of words.

—Ruth Harwood, Pasadena, California

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